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A CHILD of the NIGHT

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

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CHAPTER XI.

Torture.

But this devil did not heed my rses. Perhaps she knew herself mned already, and so feared God r man. So, seeing her squatting ghing there, my wrath choked it- out, and I stood silent, hot with ze.

"Go on, Monsieur," she screamed. o not stop, I beg of you. Oh, the ght of this moment!"

bit my lips to keep them silent. at I, Pierre le Moyne, should be e, a dupe, a gull, a puppet, a fool ake-sport for this creature!

"It is sublime," she gasped, "this ! Everything has played into my nds so nicely, and at last it is to my turn. I have waited fifteen rs for my turn, Monsieur, and it has come. I think I shall tell . It is too good to keep to my- and then, too, I know the sec- will be as safe with you as in tomb,' and she paused to laugh in. "Those two creatures of rgenson endeavored to learn some- ng about me, I'll wager."

Yes," I said, "but they found very le."

Mere Fouchon knows how to cover steps," and the woman chuckled ly. "The gendarmerie think them- es very acute, but there are others o are sharper. How could they sus- t that Mere Fouchon, twenty years was Madame Basarge, housekeep- for M. and Mme. Charles Ribaut, their brother, that very respect- le M. Jacques Ribaut, whom we both e so dearly?"

She saw my look of dazed astonish- nt, and smiled again, still more ly.

"It seems you do not understand," continued after a moment, during ch she seemed to be debating how ch she should tell me. Caution ried her to be silent; but the spirit bravado held her in its grip; a nce of many years clamored to be ken; the devil in her urged her on, to be denied. 'After all," she said, hat harm in talking to a dead man? ten attentively, then, Monsieur. It sixteen years ago, while I was loyed in the Ribaut household, that dame Ribaut gave birth to a girl— adorable Nanette whom you al- dy know. The mother died a week r, and the father soon followed her. was a good man, and so adored his e that he found life not worth liv- without her—just the opposite of t men! Ah, I remember her so well icture to yourself, Monsieur, a wom- twice as beautiful as this Nanette with a soul like the Virgin's—ll, that would be she. I have never n another like her—if she had lived, re might, perhaps, have been an- er story to tell."

he paused for a moment, and I ed at her astounded. Her mouth s working and her fingers clutch- at the bosom of her dress—could be, after all, that this hell-hag had heart? But she caught my eyes and ew her emotion from her.

"But she did not live," she said, with ugly laugh. "I am what I am—ere is no going back. Let me get on th the story. Charles Ribaut was good man, but his brother, Jacques—ll, that they could have been mould- in the same womb was a miracle— y were like black and white, like ht and day, like hell and heaven. s brother was left to take care of e baby and to look after her fortune r her—for her father was rich, oh, mendously rich. She was sent off a convent for the good sisters to re for. The name on the sign in nt of the shop in the Rue des Mou- s was altered from Charles Ribaut Jacques Ribaut. I was discharged. it seems that he did not wish to ve anyone near him who had own his brother. In 10 years no e remembered that such a man as arles Ribaut had ever existed. His other was still taking care of his tune, and as the moment drew ar when he knew he must part th it, the thought came to him, why rt with it at all? Clearly, there s only one thing which could dis- h his possession—that was the 's marriage. Her husband would, course, demand an accounting of r affairs."

She paused for a moment and look- at me.

"Yes," I nodded. "I begin to see."

"You will understand, then," she ntinued, "that it was necessary for baut to find for the girl a husband e would not be too curious—who uld be satisfied with a dowry of or 30 thousand crowns and who uld ask no questions. Such a per- was found in the person of a cer- n M. Jean Briquet."

I shuddered as I recalled that hide- s face.

"I see you know him," she uckled. "He is beautiful, is he ?"

"But do you know all this?" I ked.

She hesitated for a moment—but e temptation was too strong. And, er all, what harm in talking to a d man?

"You have perhaps noticed, Mon- ur," she said at last, "that I do not ak the argot of the sewers, and yet r 10 years I was a part of them. ter leaving Ribaut, I made a mis- e, a false step—no matter what. was necessary for me to remain ncealed from the police. I was no nger Mme. Basarge. I became Mere uchon, a consort of thieves and ns—a receiver of stolen goods—a ng of the night. Do you fancy I iked it, Monsieur? At the end of years I thought it safe to emerge m the darkness. I became con- ge of the house in the Rue du attre, and dreamed of a day when might regain my old place in the rld. I had been in hell, but I fan- d I could drag myself out."

Again she paused, and I looked at r with something like pity in my art. I could see what those 10 ars in the sewers of Paris had done her. D'Argenson's theory, then, d been correct.

"It was at that time I thought of plying to M. Ribaut," she con- ued. "I thought perhaps he might willing to assist me. I did not then suspect what a dog he was. But he raved at me like a madman and threatened to denounce me to the police should I ever again appear before him. I began to suspect something. I made inquiries, but I could find out nothing. His niece, they said, was at the Sacre Coeur getting her education. Had she been home? No, no one had ever seen her. But I saw her—the scrub woman at the convent pointed her out to me. Indeed, I did not need to have her pointed out—she was so like her mother, I thought for a moment I was looking at a ghost, and grew quite faint. But it passed, and I looked at her well and saw she was not happy. What girl could be in that gray, cold, silent place? Ugh, it makes me shiver to think of it! Even the sewers were better, for, after all, there is life in the sewers, not always and always silence! But I did not rest there. I made a friend of a concierge just across from the Ribaut house, but she could tell me nothing. Was the girl coming home? She did not know. Had she been betrothed? Well, there was a rumor that she was destined for a certain M. Briquet, a great friend of her uncle's. Then in a flash I understood, Monsieur, for I had known M. Briquet, having met him during those 10 years spent in darkness," and she laughed harshly. "His is not a pleasant character, though he has raised himself out of the abyss."

I said nothing, fearing to interrupt this remarkable story.

"But though I knew everything," she went on after a moment, "I could do nothing, as I had no wish to make the acquaintance of M. d'Argenson's men. It was not until I saw you enter the court of the Epee Flamboyante with Mlle Ribaut on your arm that I found a plan. Now, M. le Moyne, my plan is working admirably. I hold the key to the situation. In a day or two Ribaut will come to terms. I will take my 10,000 crowns and pouf!—there will no longer be a Mere Fouchon. I will go to Marseilles, Bordeaux, Nice—anywhere away from this execrable Paris. I shall have money—I shall live well—I shall no longer fear the police or a return to the life of the Rue des Marmosets. I shall escape from hell, after all."

"And what do you propose doing with me?" I asked.

She looked at me a moment with glittering eyes, all her venom in her face.

"Ah, you, M. le Moyne. It is most unfortunate for you that you did not remain contentedly in the Rue du Chantre instead of following the girl here. You have put your head in the trap, and in the trap you stay. Out of it, you would trouble me. You are too intimate with M. d'Argenson. So, when I am ready to leave Paris, I shall close the outer door, swing into place a certain slab of stone, and go away. That will be the end. A century from now, perhaps, workmen will find a cevern under the street. In the cavern will be a skeleton chained to the wall. They can wonder as they please, but I'll wager they'll not guess the story. Perhaps some one will make a very pretty romance of it. Think what an honor, Monsieur! The hero of a romance!"

Honor! Ah, well, this devil should not see I feared her. Besides, was not the lieutenant of police my friend? He would learn from the concierge whither I had gone. Doubtless he was already searching for me.

So I laughed in her face.

"You deceive yourself, Madame," I said. "I have friends who know that I came here. They will turn this whole quarter upside down but they find me, and then you will be sent to ornament a gibbet at Bicetre."

She rocked back and forth, clasping her knees and leering into my face.

"Find you?" she echoed. "Not soon, Monsieur; certainly not in time to save you, unless the earth opens. The police have been this way, and they have passed without finding a trace of you or of me. You would never have discovered me, never have found a trace of me, had I not opened the door that you might walk in. I saw my chance to be revenged—and revenge is very sweet—so I opened the trap and in you came! For you had not behaved nicely to me, Monsieur; you had looked at me in a way that any woman would resent; you had spoken words to me that were not to be forgiven. Well, you are in the trap, and you will never get out. Do you fancy I would have taken the risk of sending for that clothing had I not been certain I could laugh at the police?"

She paused for breath. Now that the gates were opened, that silence of fifteen years was being broken with a vengence!

"Nevertheless, they will find me," I repeated resolutely. "You do not know Monsieur d'Argenson."

"Do I not!" and she laughed horribly, with contorted face. "For 15 years has he been seeking me, yet he has never found me. Nor will he ever find you, for you are well hidden, Monsieur, so well that Christ may not find you at Judgment. That would be horrible—not to get your reward for sleeping on the hard floor the other night, and leaving that pretty girl to go, pucelle, to our friend, Bri—"

But she did not finish, for, mad with rage, I caught from the floor the vessel that had held the water, and dashed it full at her face. But quick as a flash, she bent aside, and the dish crashed against the wall behind her.

She sat for a moment looking at me, a queer light in her eyes.

"You love her, do you not, Monsieur?" she said quietly, at last. "Too bad your fate should bring you here, for there is no way out."

No way out! There was a finality in her tone that chilled me. I sat down again trembling, against the wall.

"I bought the secret of this place at a price"—she paused, and her features became frightful, "at a price of body and soul," she continued, hoarsely. "I had to have it—to save my life—I did not hesitate. Now, it is serving me once more, Monsieur. When I leave it tomorrow, for the last time, it will never again be opened."

I felt myself gazing, fascinated, over the edge of an abyss.

"It is a very interesting place," she went on, sneeringly. "The man of whom I—bought it—had been a scholar before he became a brute—I think it is your men of genius who fall the lowest when they fall—and he told me about it one day. He said that at one time this little island was all Paris, and that this cavern was hewn in the rock by some tyrant who ruled here then—a queer name he had—I have forgotten. Its very existence had been unknown for I know not how many centuries, until this beast I tell you of chanced upon the secret of the entrance there. A hundred men have eaten their hearts out, bound in that belt, sitting just where you are sitting."

I shuddered at the thought. I felt that my blood was chilled, that my manhood was slipping from me.

"You will leave me here to starve, then?" I asked at last.

"No, I will be merciful, Monsieur," she answered. "I have no wish to torture you. I am, in a way, sorry for you. Before I go I will place by your side a cup of wine. You will drink the wine, and you will fall into a pleasant sleep from which you will never awaken."

"Oh, you fiend!" I groaned, sick at the thought. "You fiend!"

"I think you understand the situation now," and she laughed harshly as she arose to go. "Do you suppose for a moment that I will allow the life of one man or of twenty men to stand between me and success? Do you suppose I would go back to the Rue des Marmosets—to the life that was a living hell—for anything on earth? I was so sure that you must die—that I could not with safety spare you, even if I so desired—that I have thrown into the Seine the key of the lock at your belt. That belt is there to stay, Monsieur, until it rots away."

She picked up her lantern and took a step towards the door.

"I will tell you one thing more, Monsieur," she added, pausing, "that you may guess what my life has been. The drink which I will give you is one that I have kept by me for fifteen years. I preferred that death to the wheel—yet, a thousand times. But I shall not longer have need of it, Monsieur, so I give it to you. You see that I am generous."

She laughed again, and in a moment the door swung shut behind her and I was left alone in the darkness.

CHATER XII.

A Child of the Night.

I sat for a long time, dazed and desperate, my head in my hands, my heart cold within me. It seemed that the last shred of my courage had been stripped from me. I was never again to see the trees nor the blue sky, or bare my head to the good sunshine. I was never again to lie in the grass and gaze up, up, through th eheavens at the brigh tstars. I was never again to feel on my face the sweet breath of the south wind. I thought of the deep, placid Midouze, of the wide fields, of the dark forests, with the wild flowers nestling in its depths. I thought of my mother, of my sister, of Nanette—I was never again to see Nanette—to hold her hand—to gaze into her eyes—she was to become prey to a monstrous appetite—ah, Christ!—my very soul trembled within me. She had called me—in terror and despair, she had called me—and I had not come! Instead, I had rushed headlong into this trap. I had played the fool! If I, alone, were to suffer I might endure it, but that she should suffer too—

But the mood passed, the throbbing in my brain subsided, stark fear hid its face. I shook myself together. After all, I was not yet dead, and so might yet escape. Still, the more I pondered the situation, the more remote did any chance of escape appear. I saw no way of accomplishing even the first step towards freedom, that of loosening myself from the chain which held me to the wall, and even were that done, I dared not think of the difficulties I must still encounter before I should be free. And yet I could not believe it was to be my fate to die here, chained to the wall, like a rat in a trap.

I heard the door opening again, and I stared in amazement at the queer figure that entered, carrying in one hand a candle and in the other a plate of food. It was a girl with legs grotesquely bowed, and in an instant I recognized the child I had rescued on the Quai des Theatins. At the same moment, the light from the candle fell upon my face, and she knew me.

"You!" she cried. "You! Oh, my God!" and she let fall the candle and plate upon the floor, her legs seemed to give way beneath her, and she sat rocking herself helplessly, despair writ large upon her face.

I stared at her a moment astounded, understanding nothing of her emotion. Then the words she had uttered, blushing, on the quay, came back to me—words called forth, perhaps, by the first touch of kindness she had ever known—

"I think—I should like you—very much, Monsieur!"

I looked at her again, and a ray of hope came to me. Perhaps in this unfortunate creature I might find an ally:

"Come," I said; "this is not the way to help me, to spill my supper. I assure you, Mademoiselle, that I am very hungry."

She gathered up the bread and meat without a word and gave them to me. I went at them vigorously and without minding the fact that some particles of dirt from the floor still clung to them. She set the candle upright beside here and watched me with eyes dark with apprehension. As I looked at her a thought suddenly occurred to me.

"Was it you," I asked, "who went to the house in the Rue du Chantre to get Mere Fouchon's clothing?"

"Yes, Monsieur," she said.

"And you were on your way there when I picked you up on the quay?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

I smiled grimly as I reflected on the extraordinary chance which had taken me there just in time to save her life.

Suddenly she burst into a flood of tears.

"Oh, you smile!" she sobbed. "You do not understand, then. You do not know that you are to be left here, after we are gone, and that no one will ever find you."

"Oh, yes, I have been told so," I answered, "but I do not believe it."

She raised her head and looked at me fixedly.

"You mean you will escape?" she asked, after a moment.

"Oh, but you do not know," she cried. "A man could not escape from here if you had the strength of a hundred men."

"Nevertheless," I began, but the hoarse voice of Mere Fouchon interrupted me.

"L Bancale," she cried, "come here at once, and be sure to bolt the door after you."

"I must go," she said. "I will do what I can, Monsieur."

I watched her as she went. So she was called La Bancale, the bandy-legged, and my eyes were wet with tears as I thought of what her life had been—of what it yet musht be. She would do all she could, she had said, and yet what could she accomplish? She was to frail, so weak. Still, for a moment I felt more hopeful. To a drowning man, even a straw is welcome. Besides, she was not without her shrewdness—witness how she had doubled on her tracks to prevent pursuit, and had finally evaded her pursuer. Or was it really a trap that had been set for me, and into which I had walked blindly?

The problem was too great a one for my wit to solve, for my head was paining me again severely. It was no light blow that had been given me, and I wondered that it had not crushed my skull. I could feel that the blood had soaked through my hair and dried about my face, but I had no way of removing it. The air of the cellar seemed foul and close; I was shivering with the cold and damp. At last, in sheer exhaustion, my head fell forward and I slept.

A touch on my arm awakened me. I opened my eyes, but could see nothing.

"Are you here, Monsieur?" a voice whispered. "Speak to me."

"I was asleep," I said. "Is it thou, La Bancale?"

"Oh, do not call me by that hideous name," she sobbed.

"What shall I call you, then, my dear?"

"Anything, anything you like, Monsieur, only not that."

"But have you no other name? Surely, you were not always called that."

"Always, Monsieur," she sobbed. "Ever isnce I can remember."

Poor child! And she might have been a girl, happy like any other!

"Let me see," I said. "I will call you Ninon. I have a sister named Ninon. I am sure you would love her."

"I am sure of it also, if she is your sister, Monsieur," she answered softly.

"How does it happen that you are here?" I asked, vaguely troubled by the tone of her voice. "Where is Mere Fouchon?"

"She went away just now, and as she said she was going to the Rue des Moulins she cannot be back for an hour at least."

"To the Rue des Moulins?" I cried. "Oh, I must escape!" and I sprang to my feet and tugged at my chain in an ecstasy of rage. "Ninon," I said suddenly, "could you not step into the street and say two words to a gendarme about my being here?"

"Alas, Monsieur," she answered, "I am as much a prisoner as yourself. Mere Fouchon always locks me in when she leaves the house."

I groaned aloud and could hear her sobbing.

"Come," I said, mastering myself at the end of a moment, "this will not do. We must be brave. Cease crying, Ninon, and sit here beside me."

She did as I bade, and as I passed my arm about her and drew her to me, I felt her body trembling and shaken by sobs. My lips quivered with pity as I perceived how thin she was.

"Now," I said, "we are comfortable. Place your head against my shoulder—so. How old are you, Ninon?"

"I do not know, Monsieur."

"Pierre is my name," I said.

"I do not know how old I am, M. Pierre," and it seemed to me that her voice dwelt lovingly on the word.

"And is Mere Fouchon your mother?"

"I do not know that, either, M. Pierre. Only——" and she hesitated.

"Only what, Ninon? Tell me; do not be afraid."

"Only I hope that she is not my mother, because I hate her."

"She has not been kind to you, then, Ninon?"

"Kind to me!" and I felt her shudder. "Ah, if you knew, Monsieur! The beatings—the nights and days spent here in this cavern—sometimes I thought she would kill me. If she were my mother, she would not hate me so, would she, Monsieur?"

I held her closer to me with aching heart.

"No, she would not hate you if she were your mother, Ninon; she would love you. I am sure she is not your mother. Have you always lived here?"

"Always, Monsieur. After she became concierge, I remained here, and she came home every night."

"She did not sleep at the Rue du Chantre, then?"

"No, never, Monsieur. Always here."

I smiled grimly to myself at this proof that the hag had been lying to me on the night she tripped over my legs in the hallway.

"And she has never told you anything about yourself?" I continued after a moment.

"Never, Monsieur."

"But you have asked her to tell you, have you not, Ninon?"

"Oh, yes, Monsieur, many times."

"And how did she answer?"

"With a beating, M. Pierre."

I drew her closer to me and gathered both her hands into my own.

"Perhaps it will not be always so," I said gently. "Perhaps some day there will be people who will love you and who will try to make you happy."

She was sobbing against my shoulder, her hands clutching at me nervously.

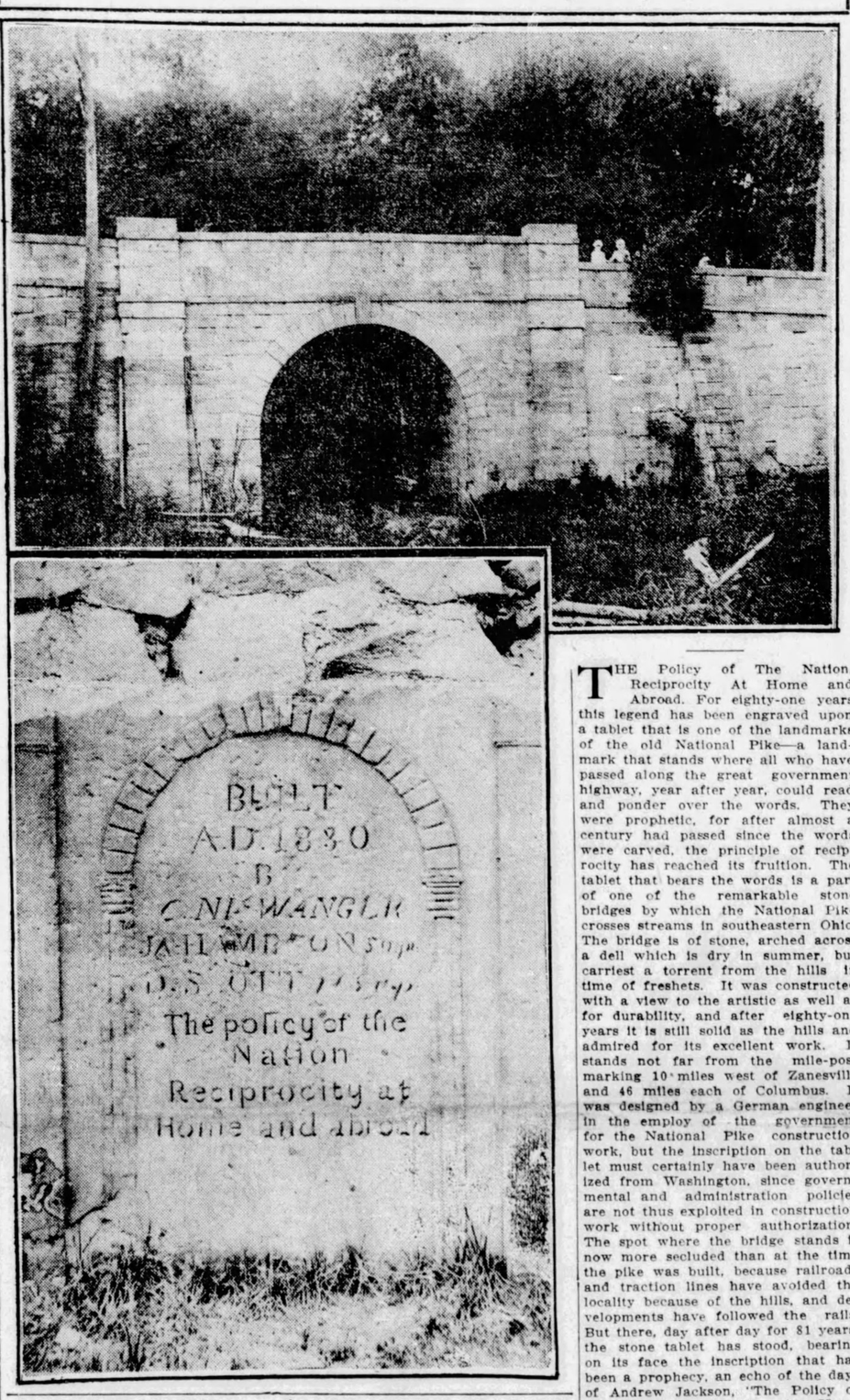
You would go with me, Ninon, would you not," I asked, "if I escaped from here?"

"Oh, yes, M. Pierre," she sobbed. I would go with you anywhere."

"That is right," I said, and I bent and kissed her forehead. But first, I must escape, and in order to escape, I must be rid of this chain. Do you think you could find me a file, Ninon?"

"A file?" I do not know, Monsieur. I will try. But I must go. She will soon be returning," and she drew herself away. "If I can find a file, I will bring it to you, M. Pierre," and a moment later, I heard the door close behind her.

(To be Continued.)



Old Bridge Pledged to "Reciprocity"

THE Policy of The Nation, Reciprocity At Home and Abroad. For eighty-one years this legend has been engraved upon a tablet that is one of the landmarks of the old National Pike—a landmark that stands where all who have passed along the great government highway, year after year, could read and ponder over the words. They were prophetic, for after almost a century had passed since the words were carved, the principle of reciprocity has reached its fruition. The tablet that bears the words is a part of one of the remarkable stone bridges by which the National Pike crosses streams in southeastern Ohio. The bridge is of stone, arched across a dell which is dry in summer, but carriest a torrent from the hills in time of freshets. It was constructed with a view to the artistic as well as for durability, and after eighty-one years it is still solid as the hills and admired for its excellent work. It stands not far from the mile-post marking 10 miles west of Zanesville and 46 miles each of Columbus. It was designed by a German engineer in the employ of the government for the National Pike construction work, but the inscription on the tablet must certainly have been authorized from Washington, since governmental and administration policies are not thus exploited in construction work without proper authorization. The spot where the bridge stands is now more secluded than at the time the pike was built, because railroads and traction lines have avoided the locality because of the hills, and developments have followed the rails. But there, day after day for 81 years, the stone tablet has stood, bearing on its face the inscription that has been a prophecy, an echo of the days of Andrew Jackson, "The Policy of The Nation, Reciprocity At Home and Abroad."

Buffalo Again in Black Hills.

Deadwood Cor. St. Paul Dispatch.

If present efforts are successful buffalo again will be feeding within the Black Hills just as they did before the advent of the white men in the '70s.

J. Alden Loring is here representing the American Bison association, which has for its purpose the preservation and propagation of the few remaining buffalo existing in the United States.

He desires to obtain a tract of land in the Black Hills national forest, where a herd of buffalo will be established. His association has already placed two other herds, one near Wichita, Kan., and another on the Flathead Indian reservation in Montana.

A Broken Song.

"Where am I from?" From the green hills of Erin.
"Have I no song then?" My songs are all sung.
"What o' my love?" 'Tis alone I am farin'.
Old grows my heart, an' my voice yet is young.

"If she was tall?" Like a king's own daughter.
"If she was fair?" Like a mornin' o' May.
When she'd come laughin' 'twas the runnin' water.
When she'd come blushin' 'twas the break of day.

"Where did she dwell?" Where one'st I had my dwellin'.
"Who loved her best?" There's no one now will know.
"Where is she gone?" Och, why would I be tellin'!
Where she is gone there I can never go.

—Moira O'Neill.

The Baby.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A sofe hand stroked it as I went by

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
Something better than anyone knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box at the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought of you, and I am here.

—George Macdonald.

Hawaiian Wild Flowers Becoming Extinct.

Honolulu Star.

The wild flowers of the Hawaiian Islands are beautiful beyond description, but, sad to say, many of them will never again be seen here, having become extinct.

Some of these flowers have very strange properties or habits. For instance, the flower of the Hau tree lasts but a single day, opening at sunrise and closing at sunset. The Hauhile is another flower that lasts but a day and, what is more strange, changes from purple to pink during the day.

Some of these flowers, the Uala among the number, are said to be a superior article of food, while the berry of many of them is a favorite food of the wild fowl.

Some of these flowers, such as the Poolanne, bloom only in April and May, but the greater number seem to bloom nearly the entire year. Some of the vines are very prolific; one of them spreads over an entire acre of ground. There is another known as the fly catcher, and still another that lures unsuspecting insects to destruction by a peculiar odor and light. Another blooms but a single hour. Many of the most beautiful are becoming extinct. If nothing is done but few of the 400 varieties said to have flourished here some years ago will remain.

Kentucky Story of a Blackbird.

Harrodsburg Herald.

In 1908, a one-legged blackbird and his mate were noticed busily building their nest in the yard of C. D. Thompson's home. He was noticed especially because of his crippled condition and the family did everything they could to make their stay in the yard agreeable. A nestful of young was raised and sent out into the world the way of all young birds, and when frost came the crippled squatter and his mate left for parts unknown.

Much to the surprise of the family the way of all young birds, and when again, apparently with the same mate, and another home was made and later deserted by the offspring. In 1910 as soon as the birds began winging their way back from the south the Thompson household kept a sharp lookout for the little crippled summer boarder. Pretty soon he came and with his mate, as usual, whom the household feel has always been the same bird, but there is no distinguishing mark about here to make them certain. This spring the couple are back again and are now getting their home ready for the raising of another family. Hereafter a tab will be kept on the one-legged bird to see how long he will remain faithful and how many years he will come back and exercise his squatter privileges in the Thompson yard.

Bear Scare in Kentucky.

Hindman News Record.

Much excitement prevails in and around Dwarf, Perry county, at present, owing to the discovery of the presence of a large black bear, which is making its headquarters somewhere on the diging ridge betyeen Combs and the Mill Branch, near Dwarf. Bill Stacy and other citizens of the neighborhood have been missing their hogs of late, and on investigation, located the presence of Mr. or Mrs. Bruin.

About 75 men with guns and dogs have chased the animal, and have seen it at different times, but it always whips their dogs and eludes its pursuers. Parties from the bear-infested neighborhood have sent for Robin Cornett, of Hindman, the old bear hunter, to come and try his hand at bear killing once again.

Fireman, Spare That Hen!

San Francisco Argonaut.

Being outside of the fire limits, the villagers had petitioned and received an appropriation for the purchase of a handtub. This was installed in a disused blacksmith shop, where it remained for two years, used only in Fourth of July parades. Finally a stroke of lightning started a small fire in a farmhouse nearby, but when the volunteer firemen arrived at the temporary engine house the foreman stood at the door with uplifted hand. "Don't tech her, boys, for Heaven's sake!" he shouted. "I've got two hens a-settin' in th' tub!"

Smiths in Congress.

Washington Post.

The Smith family is doing its duty by congress and now has nine men in the house and senate. Senator Hoke Smith of Georgia, is the latest addition to the Smiths. He joins William Alden Smith of Michigan, Ellison D. Smith of South Carolina, and John Walter Smith of Maryland in the senate.

The house has five Smiths. These are Charles B. Smith of New York, J. M. C. Smith of Michigan and Samuel W. Smith of the same state, Sylvester C. Smith of California, and William R. Smith of Texas. Michigan is liberal with her Smiths and has furnished the Sixty-second congress with one senator and two representatives.

ASHTON KIRK INVESTIGATOR

By JOHN T. McINTYRE

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CHAPTER XV.

Miss Vale Departs Suddenly.

"Locke intended returning at once," he said to Pendleton. "Otherwise he would have closed his workshop door." Then his eyes wandered toward the house, and his grip closed tightly upon his companion's arm. "Look," whispered he, in his turn.

Pendleton's gaze flew toward the house. The lower windows had been dimly lighted when they approached; but now the glow from them was high and brilliant. In one of the rooms they saw Locke; he was striding up and down, his hands clinched and gesturing, his face upturned, writhing hideously. Seated at a table, calmly engaged in examining something traced upon a sheet of paper, and apparently not paying the slightest attention to the gesticulating man, was a young woman. And Pendleton felt himself grow suddenly faint and sick as he recognized Edyth Vale.

For a moment there was a silence between the two men; then Ashton-Kirk said, dryly:

"Miss Vale has, apparently, not been altogether frank with us in this matter."

"You think then——" began Pendleton in a voice of terror. But Ashton-Kirk stopped him.

"I think many things," said he. "But they are neither here nor there. Facts are what count. Put the circumstances together for yourself and see where they lead you. Miss Vale has been from the first mixed up more or less in this crime. She explained. As far as I knew the explanation was made in good faith. Now we find her here in this lonely place, quietly engaged with a man whom I have convinced myself is one of Hume's murderers."

There was another pause; this time it was Pendleton who broke the silence.

"As you say," spoke he, in a strange, throaty sort of tone, "she has not been quite frank. Take all the circumstances together and the see to point—"

He paused as though quite unable to finish. Ashton-Kirk laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"Imagination is a thing that is vitally necessary in this sort of work," said he. "But it must be held in check by reason. The great trouble with an amateur is that he reasons up to a certain point; then he allows his imagination to take a long leap toward a result. The upshot is that his results have seldom anything to support them. The correct method, I think, is to allow the imagination to scurry ahead in the way that is natural to it; but reason must follow close behind, proving each step of the way. To be sure, you may have theories, hypotheses, ideas without end, but you must never take them for granted. Select each in its turn, place it in a tube as the chemist does, add a few drops of reason, and you may produce a fact. It is the only way to go about it. Once a man becomes fixed in a belief, be there ever so little foundation for it, his mind stops revolving the subject; further procedure is hopeless."

"I understand all that well enough," said Pendleton. "But," and he waved his hand toward the house, "what does this mean?"

"I don't know," said Ashton-Kirk. "And neither do you. So—that being the case—there is but one thing to do—find out."

They gazed toward the window once more, Miss Vale had apparently mastered the contents of the paper, and was now engaged in writing rapidly. As the young men watched, she stopped, read carefully what she had written, and then handed it to Locke. The mute carried the paper to the light, and holding it very near to his eyes read it with much attention; then he tore it into strips, placed it upon the red coals of a stove which stood near him and watched it burn. Facing Miss Vale, his fingers began to fly rapidly in intricate signs. This only lasted a moment, however; for he stopped, gestured passionately, seized a pad of paper and began to write.

While he was thus engaged, Ashton-Kirk said to Pendleton in a low tone:

"Remain here for a moment."

Then slowly, carefully, the investigator made his way toward the window through which Miss Vale and Locke were to be seen.

Heavy beams of light shot across the ground from the windows; but there were trails of shadow. He clung to these until he had reached the shelter of the walls; then to Pendleton's amazement he stepped directly in front of the window through which the two were to be seen, rapped smartly upon the glass, and remained standing in full view of the two in the room.

Pendleton saw the pad drop from Locke's hands; he saw the mute wheel as he felt the vibrations and stare at the window, his eyes puckered and straining. He also saw Miss Vale rise, saw her hands thrown out in a gesture much like despair; and also he heard the cry she uttered, muffled by the confines of the room, but full of fear. Then the room was plunged into darkness; an instant later a door was heard to open; the sound of quick-moving feet came to him; there followed the pulsation of a motor and the racing of a car away into the night.

"She's off," breathed the young man, and there was undoubted relief in the knowledge. "She's off, and I really believe that's what Kirk was after."

He walked toward the house and found his friend standing in the shadows.

"Well," chuckled the investigator

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"It did not take her long to make up her mind, eh?"

"You had some motive in doing that," accused Pendleton. "What was it?"

Ashton-Kirk was about to reply; but just then the small figure of Locke made its appearance. He carried a lantern and was approaching with stumbling steps, his eyes peering and blinkink in their efforts to pierce the gloom. Not until he was well upon the two did he make them out; then he halted, lifted the light above his head and surveyed them intently.

In the rays of the lantern Ashton-Kirk smiled urbanely, and bowed. The supple figure of the mute writhed inquiringly.

"Each of them forms itself into a wild note of interrogation," said Pendleton. "They are fairly screaming questions at you."

Ashton-Kirk smiled even more agreeably at Locke and shook his head. Then he went through the pantomime of one writing, and finished by pointing to the house.

Carefully, eagerly, fearfully, the mute examined them; his near-sighted eyes and the wavering light must have made it all but impossible for him to make them out. However, he at length motioned for them to follow him, and started back by the way which he had come. But after a few steps he halted. He indicated that they were to remain where they were; then he went to th shed-like building, closed the door and locked it, placing the key in his pocket.

"It would seem," observed Ashton-Kirk, "that we are not to be trusted implicitly."

"Also," replied Pendleton, "that there is something of value in the shed."

Returning, Locke led the way to a door upon the other side of the house. Showing them into a small room furnished with books and scientific apparatus and evidently a study, he set down the lantern and with a sign bade them be seated. Upon their doing so he produced a small pad of paper and a pencil; handing these to Ashton-Kirk he stood peering at them expectantly. With the swift, accurate touch of an expert, the investigator wrote in the Pitman shorthand:

"We ask pardon if we have startled you."

Then he tore off the sheet and handed it to Professor Locke. The man seemed surprised at the medium selected by his visitor; nevertheless he quickly traced the following in the same characters:

"Who are you? What is your errand?"

"We were sent to you by Dr. Mercer," replied Ashton-Kirk with flying pencil. "Our business is to secure the admission of a new pupil."

Locke read this and regarded them for a moment doubtfully.

"Why did you not press the button at the door?" he demanded in writing.

"I hardly expected you to have such a thing as a bell," answered Ashton-Kirk on the pad. "And so, seeing you, I attracted your attention as best I could."

Professor Locke read this and stood with his pencil poised, when the buzzer sounded harshly; he went at once into the hall; they heard him open the door, and in a few moments he returned, followed by Haines.

The fingers of the two flashed their signals back and forth; then a look of relief came into Locke's face; he even smiled and nodded understandingly at the two young men.

"I beg pardon, gentlemen," said Haines. "But when I got back to the hall Dr. Mercer made me return and make sure that you had got to see the professor."

"Thanks," replied the investigator. "We had not the slightest difficulty."

"I'm glad to hear it, sir," said the man. "Good-night to you."

He flashed the same wish to the mute, who answered readily; then he went out and through the window they saw his light again go bobbing away in the darkness. Then the professor began to write once more.

"I beg your pardon," was his message in longhand. "The man tells me that it was quite as you say. But I must confess I was a trifle startled."

"The lady," wrote Ashton-Kirk, "seemed startled, too."

For the fraction of a moment the mute halted in his reply. Then the pencil with much assurance formed the following:

"It was my niece. She was about to go just as you came; so do not reproach yourself for having driven her away."

For some time the pencilled conversation continued betwen the two; but as it was all based upon the fanciful pupil whom the investigator stated he desired to place in Dr. Mercer's care, Pendleton paid little heed to it. At last, however, they bid the professor good-by and left him upon the threshold, his massive head nodding his adieus, his frail little body sharply outlined by the glow from the hall.

The two had reached their own car around on the other road before Pendleton spoke. Then he inquired:

"Well, have you learned anything from him?"

"I think I can say 'yes' to that," answered the other. "But I'm not sure. I'll have to put it to the proof first, according to the formula which I gave you a half hour ago. If it succeeds I'll tell you what it is; if it does not I'll say nothing and it will go upon the scrap heap devoted to broken fancies. And now, Dixon," to the chauffeur, "we'll go home."

CHAPTER XVI.
Steel Against Steel.

Short before noon next day Ashton-Kirk, in an immaculate morning suit, was ushered into the presence of Miss Edyth Vale. If he expected confusion, embarrassment or anything of that sort, he was disappointed, for she greeted him eagerly and with outstretched hand.

"This is a surprise," she said.

He held her hand and looked meaningly at her.

"My appearances are sometimes surprising," he said. "But I usually select the night for them; the effect is better then, you see."

She smiled into his eyes

"I have no doubt but that you are dreadfully mysterious," she said. "But please sit down."

She seated herself near the window; holding a book in her hand, she fluttered the leaves to and fro.

"The composure," thought the investigator as he sat down, "is somewhat overdone."

"I wonder," said Miss Vale, looking at the book, "if you are an admirer of Ibsen." And as he nodded she proceeded with a slight smile, "I know that he is scarcely the usual thing for a spring morning. But there are times when I simply can't resist him."

"He's a strong draught at any time," said Ashton-Kidk. "But his tonic quality is undoubted."

"His disciples claim that for him, at any rate," she answered. "But sometimes I question its truth. Where is the tonic effect of Rosmersholm? I think it full of terrors." She shuddered and added: "The White Horses will haunt me for weeks."

"It's the atmosphere of crime," said he. "That quiet home on the westerd fiords reeks with it."

She made a gesture of repulsion.

"It's ghastly!" she exclaimed. "And somehow, one feels it from the very first—before a word is spoken. Imagine Rebecca at the window, watching through the plants to see if Rosmere uses the footbridge from which his wife once leaped to her death." She paused a moment, her eyes upon the open pages; then lifting her head, she asked: "What do you think of Rebecca?"

"A tremendous character—of wonderful strength. It was just such proud, dark, purposeful souls that Byron delighted to draw; but the only one in literature to whom I can fully liken her is the wife of Macbeth. There was the same ambition—the same ruthless will—the same disregard of everything that stood in her way. And, like Cawdor's wife, she weakened in the end."

She regarded him fixedly.

"Would you call it weakness?" she asked.

"She fell in love with Johannes, did she not? That was weakness for her. She herself recognized it as such."

The girl looked at him thoughtfully for a moment.

"That is true," she said.

"Some of the world's most daring and accomplished criminals have been women," he went on. "But nature never intended woman to be the bearer of burdens; there is a weakness in her soul structure somewhere; she usually sinks under the consciousness of guilt."

"More so than men, do you think?"

"As a rule—yes."

She put down the book and clasped her hands in her lap.

"There is no need to sympathize with Rebecca," she said. "She was brave and strong, even in her love for Johannes. But he," and there was a note in her voice that recalled the night he had listened to it over the telephone, "he was different. There is no more dreadful thing in the play to me, than the character of Rosmer. To think of him sitting quietly in that charnel house, prospering in soul, growing sleek in thought, becoming stored with high ideas. Perfect peace came to him in spite of the stern-faced portraits which shrieked murder from the walls. He dreamed of freeing and ennobling mankind, and all the time Fate was weaving a net about him that was to drag him from the mill bridge after his dead wife."

"Kroll knew him," said the investigator. "And he said Rosmer was easily influenced. It is usally men of that type who are drawn into the vortex which swirls at every door."

Her face was a little pale; but she now arose with a laugh and began rubbing her finger-tips with a handkerchief.

"I think we'd better remove the dust of the Norwegian," she said; "and I make a vow never to read him again—in the morning." She stood looking down at her caller, good-humoredly and continued: "I suppose it is my fault, but you have a dreadfully gloomy expression. Or maybe," as an afterthought, "you ate an unwholesome dinner last night. Were you at the Perrings, by any chance?"

He shook his head, his keen eyes searching her face.

"No," said he, "I had much more important matters on hand."

She held up her hand.

"It was something about this Hume affair," she said.

"Yes," he replied.

The smile was now gone; she leaned back against a heavy table, her fingers tightly clasping its edge.

"I have been trying to forget that dreadful thing," she said. "I've stopped looking at the papers, because I would be sure to see it mentioned. And," with never a faltering in her eyes, "because I might eb remindtd of it in some other way, I now remain indoors."

"Last night was an exception, perhavs," suggested he, smoothly.

"Last night?" There was a questioning look in her beautiful eyes; the finely posed head with its crown of bright hair bent toward him inquiringly.

An expression of chagrin crept into his face.

"You were not out last night, then?" said he.

"What makes you think so?" smilingly. "It was dreadfully dull here, too. But then," with a shrug, "anything is better than a constant reminder of that Chritle place affair."

He nodded understandingly.

"I suppose it is very distressing." He frowned gloominly at the tips of his shoes and could see that he bit his lip with vexation. After a moment or two, he said: "It's very stronge; but I was quite sure I saw you last night."

"Yes?" Her tone was one of careless interest.

"However," he went on, "I had but a glimpse of the lady; and could easily have been mistaken." He wore a baffled look, but smiled as he got up. "And,' said he, "my visit of this morning was based upon the sight I farcied I had of you last night.'

She laughed amusedly.

"It was something interesting," she said. "Please tell me about—but, no, no,' hastily. "If it has anything to do with the Hume case, I'd rather not hear it.'

She had pressed the bell call for the footman, when he said:

"Mr. Morris still keeps himself well concealed, I note."

Like a tigress leaping to defend her young, she met the accusation.

"Mr. Morris has done no wrong," she declared, spiritedly. "And there is no need of his concealing himself."

"Of course I will not say as to that." His voice was soothing and low. "But he makes a mistake in not coming forward. His name, you have noticed, has already appeared in papers in direct connection with the murder."

He glanced at her keenly once more.

"It may be that he has gone away upon some urgent business," she said. "And the chances are that he has not heard anything of the matter."

"Perhaps he did not think it necessary. And again, maybe he did not expect to be gone so long. Such things frequently happen, you know."

"They do,' admitted Ashton-Kirk. "But in the case of Allan Morris, they somehow fail to fit. I am convinced that he is in hiding.'

She regarded him steadily for a moment; then she said:

"You are convenced, you say?'

"I am."

"May I ask upon what your conviction is based?"

"Not now—no.'

There was another pause; the man was at the door, ready to show the investigator out.

"Perhaps," and her tone was very low, "you even fancy that you know his hiding place."

"Not just yet," said he, "but in a few hours at most, I will."

Her lips formed the good-by as he stood in the doorway; but she made no sound. And Ashton-Kirk as he walked down the hall, smiled quietly to himself.

(To be Continued.)

BLADE PATTERNS---LATEST FASHIONS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give size, number, age, etc.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

5553—Ladies' Dress.

Smart little one-piece frocks are worn either with or without jackets and our model offers an excellent design for one. It has the shirtwaist effect of bodice and a plain three-piece skirt.

This style is suitable for cashmere, serge, zibeline, velveteen, pongee silk, linen, etc.

The pattern, 5553, is out in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 4⅞ yards of 44-inch material.

5564—Ladies' Six-Gore Skirt.

No skirt is more novel than this one. It has a panel front and back and circular sides with a flounce section at the sides. There is a small underturned pleat at the lowedge of each panel. Combinations of material show well in such a skirt the side flounce sections being of contrasting satin for instance, or plain goods and mixtures may be used.

The pattern, 5564, is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 3⅜ yards of 50-inch material.

5549—Ladies' Combination.

This most modern of combinations consists of a corset cover with a flat, plain back and a plain front with almost no fullness whatever. The drawers are cut in circular style and fit snugly around the body.

Batiste, lawn, longcloth, organdie and the like are used for these undergarments.

The pattern, 5549, is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2¼ yards of 36 inch material.

5296—Ladies' Nightgown.

This nightgown is provided with three ways for finishing the neck. The turnover collar being the most appropriate one for this time of the year. On either side of the closing in the center front there are two groups of pin tucks and there are four groups in the center back.

The pattern 5296 is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 5¾ yards of 27-inch material or 4⅞ yards of 36-inch.

4623—Misses' and Small Women's Sailor Suit.

The sailor suit is one of the styles that never seems to leave us. In our illustration the waist has the strict regulation finish, but the over piece may be omitted if desired. The skirt is a kilt model. Both are separate, the skirt closing in the back while the waist is slipped on over the head.

Serge, cheviot and panama are the most serviceable materials.

The pattern 4623 is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires 6¼ yards of 44-inch goods.

2935—A Simple Negligee.

The back of this garment is cut straight and plain and the small amount of fullness is drawn into gathers at the waistline. The fronts have a group of tucks on each side, stitched down to yoke depth, and these provide all the fullness necessary for the curve of the bust ending at the waistline beneath a belt of ribbon.

The pattern 2935 is cut in sizes 32 to 46 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 3 yards of 36-inch material.

5565—Ladies' 28-inch Double-Breasted Coat.

The double breasted coat will be much worn during the autumn and winter, and the illustration shows a style fitted by long seams in front and back, leaving panels between. The neck has the new shawl and revers combination collar.

Cloth, satin, serge, pongee, linen and the like are appropriate materials.

The pattern, 5565, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 3 yards of 50-inch material.

5548—Ladies' Six-Gore Skirt.

In this skirt we have a distinct novelty. It is cut with six gores and has the panel front and back, but the side gores are arranged to form deep, flat pleats at the sides.

Panama, brilliantine, serge, cheviot and heather mixtures are appropriate for this skirt and also silk and satin.

The pattern 5548, is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 50-inch material.

5321—Ladies' Waist.

While the waist illustrated is quite fancy in its general appearance it is in reality quite plan in outline and easy to make.

The waist is cut on the Gibson lines, with tucks at the shoulder and ornamental effect is due to a cutting away of the material in the center of the front where a yoke and vest are introduced. These are made of insertion and tucking. The long bishop sleeve can be cut off wherever desired.

Wash materials and also silk, satin, crepe and similar fabrics are suitable for this waist.

The pattern, 5321, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2¼ yards of 36 inch material, with ⅞ yards of tucking.

5103—Girls' Dress.

This dress has a square yoke. To give it the required touch of novelty, yoke and front are cut in one piece, the panel extending to the hem. In the back the yoke is cut square across. The balance of the waist is arranged in small plaits at the arm - holes, where they are stitched down a couple of inches and then left free. These edges may be gathered if preferred.

The skirt of the dress is arranged in pleats turning backward from the panel front, but this too may be gathered if desired.

It will develop well in wash material and for dressy occasions in some light cashmere with lace for yoke and panel.

The pattern 5103 is cut in sizes 6 to 12 years. Medium size requires 2⅝ yards of 44-inch material, with 4½ yards of braid to trim as illustrated.

5432—Misses' Dress.

The waist retains the popular peasant cut at the shoulder and a triple line of shirrings run from the edge of the neck to the edge of the sleeve, in a long graceful line.

A small vest fills the opening of the front where the bodice is crossed in surplus fashion and a similar piece is placed in the back, where the waist closes.

The skirt is slightly shirred all around the waist. A deep hem finishes the lower edge.

Mull, enllenne, printed tulle and organdie will be pretty for this dress. A combination of cloth and silk is also good.

The pattern, 5432, is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires 5½ yards of 36 inch material, 2¾ yards of applique and 3½ yards of ribbons.

4700—Boys' Suit.

The suit illustrated has an absolutely plain jacket, buttoned up high at the neck and with a single rever to add a touch of decoration. The sham sleeves are plain and are finished with a band cuff. With this suit are worn small knickerbockers finished at the knee with a leg band.

This suit will be suitable for all wash materials and also for serge, cheviot and light weight woolens.

The pattern, 4700, is cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Medium size requires 2⅝ yards of 36-inch material.

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Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer possible.

Will some reader of these columns give a way to tell when watermelons are ripe?—W., Menlo, Ia.

I would like to have an answer to the following questions: How many cubic feet of fresh air should be given to a cow each hour when kept in a stable? How many British thermal units of heat are given off by a cow each hour when standing in its stall? —R., Walden, N. Y.

I have a cow that milks very hard in two or her teats, and they are larger than the other two. Will some reader please give a remedy?—R., Cambridge, Nebr.

Some one has recommended nitrate soda to me as an excellent fertilizer. Will some one who has had experience with this tell me when and how much one should use to an acre?—A., B. Vicksburg, Mich.

I would like to have some one tell me how to melt finely broken up resin so that it will not foam. I make my own sealing wax and when I buy resin I am given fine bits which commence to foam when I put them on the stove to melt. It gets so that it is not fit to seal with.—L. Norwick, Ohio.

GRAPE WINE

I will send a French recipe for the benefit of those who wish to learn a good way to make grape wine. Pick the grapes from their stems, mash thoroughly and let stand in a jar or wooden vessel 48 hours, or until they are sour and work. Strain the juice and put in a jug or cask. A new gin cask is the best for the purpose. Add three pounds of white or granulated sugar to each gallon of wine, and cork tight. With a small bit bore a hole through the cork and insert one-fourth inch rubber hose, being careful to make it air tight. Bend the hose in a half circle and insert the other end in a can of water. The object of this is to remove the gas from the fermenting wine, and at the same time prevent the air from entering the wine. After about two weeks the wine will have worked enough and should then be corked. Blackberry and Raspberry wine made from the same recipe is also excellent.—W., Columbus, O.

TO REMOVE BEES FROM HIVES

A correspondent asks for a plan to remove bees from the super when taking off the honey. The following is the best plan to remove almost every bee in one day:

Make a cover of half-inch boards of exactly the same dimensions as the outside of the hive. Nail a narrow one-half inch cleat around the cover at its outer edge. Send to any bee supply house for a bee escape. Make a hole in the center of the cover to allow the escape to fit in snugly. Be sure to adjust the escape so that the little door in it opens downward. Early in the morning before the bees are lively, quickly lift the super of honey from the hive and have an assistant quickly lay the cover with the bee escape over the hive. Put the super back on top the cover. The bees will soon find that the escape is their only method of passing down into the hive. As the door only open one way it is impossible for them to get out again. At dusk you will find that almost all the bees have left the super and gone in the hives, and then the honey can be removed without disturbing the hive in the least. After the honey is removed you can replace the hive cover and put in a fresh super.—S., Arapahoe, Colo.

WARBLES IN CATTLE

Warbles or grubs are the larval form of the ox bot fly or heel fly. The grubs or warbles are noticed as little lumps or bunches just beneath the skin of the back. Directly over each warble there is a small pore or opening in the skin, through which the grub breathes.

The adult heel fly or warble fly is a little larger than the common house fly. In the latter part of the summer she deposits her eggs upon the hair of cattle in the region of the heel. The presence of the flies among cattle causes much annoyance. The animal licks the part and the larvae are taken into the mouth.

From the throat or gullet the small larvae bore their way through the tissues until they locate beneath the skin of the back, where they increase in size quite rapidly, so that the lumps are large enough to be noticed by the latter part of December or early January. In February or March these larvae or grubs work their way out through the small hole in the skin, fall to the ground, burrow into dirt or little pupate and some weeks later transform into adult flies.

It is estimated that 65 per cent of the cattle in the United States are affected with warbles, and the financial loss by damaged hides is estimated at from $50,000,000 to $60,000,000. Gruby hides are usually docked about one-third.

Warbles attack young animals more severely than old cattle. As the adult flies do not travel far, a cattle owner can free his herd well from these pests by treating them at this season of the year. If other cattle in the immediate vicinity are affected, the adult flies will travel far enough to infest neighboring cattle. All cattle owners should unite to destroy this pest.

Treatment should begin as soon as the warbles are noticed upon the animals' backs. Most of the warbles or grubs can be destroyed by putting kerosene, crude petroleum or murcurial ointment in or on the opening through the skin directly over the warble. If the opening is very small it should be enlarged by using a smooth pointed stick. A machinists' oil can having a slender nozzle, furnishes a splendid method for applying the medicine.

By running the cattle through a chute they can be treated quite rapidly. They should be examined in about 10 days and any that escape the first treatment should be destroyed by a second; or better, squeeze out and crush; or they can be crushed beneath the skin by pinching the lump or killed by inserting a pointed wire or large blunt pointed needle.

SILOS

To give entire satisfaction a silo must meet the following requirements: (1) The foundation must be solid. (2) The sides and bottom must be airtight. (3) The interior must have a smooth finish. There will usually be 100 tons weight on the foundation, hence the reason for solidity. The sides and bottom must be airtight as the silage exposed to air will spoil. A smooth inside finish is desired to allow settling. Silage should last well to exclude the air and occupy less space.

There are many types of silos; some good and some bad. Round silos give the best satisfaction in this state. They may be classified, according to construction, as stone, wood and cement.

The stone silo is not very practical on account of the great cost of construction, due, in part, to the smooth inside finish. They are very satisfactory after once built.

The wooden silo is as present the best known type in this state. These, built of staves and bound with hoops, either of steel or wood, are the most common. Such silos are cheaply built. They are easily filled, the silage settles well and they generally give good satisfaction.

The cement or concrete silo has also given good satisfaction. It will last a lifetime and is impervious to the attacks of rats and mice. The greatest objection to it is the cost of construction. However, on many farms this may be cut down considerably by obtaining the gravel and sand from the farm and the farmer doing most of the work.

The size of the silo depends upon the number of animals to be fed. A cubic foot of silage is about the average daily ration of the milch cow. The diameter should be small enough so that a layer over the entire surface can be fed off every day or two If this is done the top will not have a chance to spoil. Sixteen feet is the usual diameter for the silo of 100 tons capacity.

Corn for silage should be cut when it contains the most food material in succulent and palatable form. Cutting is generally done with a corn binder. This makes the bundles of a convenient form to handle, besides doing the work quickly so that the corn will be about the same stage of maturity when cut.

The silos are all filled through a small window in the roof, by a wind elevator attached directly to the cutter. The slower the silo is filled the more it will hold and the better it will keep. It is best not to add water as it impairs the feeding value. The top of the silage should be covered over carefully and tightly with straw or other suitable material to exclude air. —E. C. Woodward in Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean.

FEEDING PIGS IN SUMMER

On account of having a comparatively small stomach the pig is an animal specially adapted to the consuming of concentrated feeds. The growing pig and the mature breeding animal can use considerable rough feed and forage to advantage.

For best results the growing pig must not be confined to forage crops and roughage alone, and the fattening hog, although it can use a little bulky and succulent food, should be fed largely upon concentrated feed.

The legumes, alfalfa, rape, rye, sorghum millet are carbonaceous feeds. Blue grass contains less protein than the former, but more than the latter crops, consequently if we are feeding pigs on pasture we must plan to feed protein feeds if they have proteinaceous pasture and forage crops.

Pigs that have the run of clover and alfalfa make the best gains if fed a little corn and some of the nitrogeneous feeds like oil meal, skim milk or wheat middlings. However, it is usually more profitable to depend upon the clover and alfalfa pasture, and not feed the more expensive feeds.

With carbonaceous forage and pasture it will pay to feed less corn and more of the nitrogeneous feeds.

If we have our pigs well developed on forage and protein feeds they will be in condition to finish on corn alone the last two months.—W. M. K. in Southern Farm Advocate.

CURING ALFALFA

In curing alfalfa hay remember that best results are secured from curing in the shock. The evaporation of the moisture will proceed even after the hay is piled in fairly larger heaps. Unless rains interfere the hay thus raked while in a semi-green condition will cure perfectly and will not only retain the leaves, but also that bright green color which is so desirable, and the fragrance and aroma inseparable from first class hay of any kind. On the contrary, if it is left too long before raking the product will be light colored, dry and brittle. It will command a much lower price on the market and will be of inferior feeding value.

COTTON SEED FOR HORSES

The Pennsylvania Agricultural college made some interesting experiments upon feeding horses cotton seed meal and silage. The object was to determine the value of silage for horses, and to compare cotton seed meal to oats in the ration. It was found that cotton seed meal is an excellent source of protein for finishing horses, and is more economical than oats. It was also found that the horses fed cotton seed meal retained the bloom and finish better than when oats were used as a source of protein.

There were seven horses in the group, and they were divided into three groups according to weight and age. Group 1 ate an average of 9.2 pounds of shelled corn, 8 pounds of oats and 17.7 pounds of mixed hay; the average daily gain was 1.64 pounds, at a cost of 28.8 cents per day each, or 17.5 cents a pound of gain. Group 2 was fed 13.1 pounds corn, 1.5 pounds cotton seed meal and 18.1 pounds hay daily. The gain was 1.78 pounds, the cost of feed for each horse 24.8 cents, or 13.9 cents per pound of gain. Group 3 was fed 12.3 pounds corn, 1.4 pounds cotton seed meal, 10.4 ponds of hay and 17 pounds of silage; the daily gain per head was 1.6 pounds; it cost 21.5 cents daily per horse and 13.4 cents a pound of gain.

The estimate was based upon corn at 50 cents a bushel, oats 40 cents per bushel, cotton seed meal at $30 a ton, hay $12 a ton and corn silage at $2.50 a ton. It is of interest to note that silage, which is not usually considered good feed for horses, was used with good results, and when fed in connection with cotton seed meal made the gain per pound cheaper.

It is now a matter of general information that cotton seed meal is one of the cheapest and best sources of protein for work animals, and it should be more liberally used for this purpose.

APPLE RUST

A Wisconsin orchidist has this to say concerning apple rust. It is caused by a fungus which grows in the tissues of the growing twigs and the rust spots are the fruiting bodies of the fungus. The alternate generation of this fungus is found on the red cedar and produces the cedar galls on this tree. It is not often injurious to apple trees. Spraying with Bordeaux mixture during the spring will help greatly to keep it in check. The eradication of the red cedar in the neighborhodd will also help to remedy the disease where this is possible.

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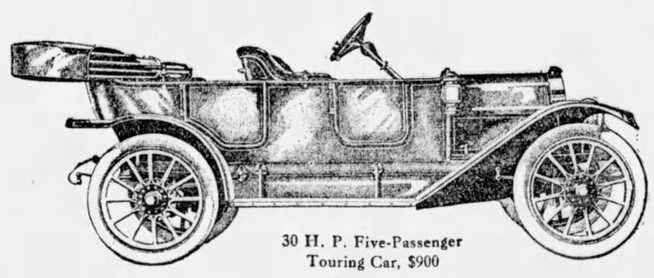

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SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS

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What Means These Lions?

FROM BOSTON

THE squash-faced stone animals that are out in front of the stately public library, with its magnificent Corinthian columns and classic beauty generally, do not seem to be able to make friends with the public at all. New York has had in its time some wonderfully weird looking library lions, but nothing so amazing as the stone "ornaments" placed on either side of the great library's entrance, says the New York World.

The probability of a petition asking for their removal doesn't seem distant as all the citizens who have hurled objurgations at "those lions" should get the idea of expressing their disapprovals in concert.

The lions have been declared to look like no lions at all that ever threaded the jungle. They have been said to resemble slightly the fiery, untamed hoodoo of New Jersey, and some say that with their Galways they very closely resemble the late Henrik Ibsen.

"What's a lion go to do with a library, anyway?" demanded one dilettante observer yesterday, wiping away tears of laughter after an inspection of the stone fixtures.

"Other public lions mean something. Take the lions inside the public library in Boston. They were erected to memorialize the courage of the Massachusetts soldiers who died in the civil war. Those at the foot of the Nelson monument in London symbolize military power, and the Lion of Lucerne, who stands guarding the lilies of France, commemorates the 26 officers and 760 officers of the Swiss Guard who died defending the Tuileries in 1792.

"The handsome lions at the entrance to our new police headquarters have appropriate significance also. They crouch between their powerful paws the symbol of civic power—the oak wreath.

"But what in the world do these lions mean except a cause to make people smile? They are such foolish-faced lions. They have such a pained and at the same time irritable expression—as if they had eaten a very tough Zulu, who hadn't agreed with them, and were ready to snap at anybody that might offer them sympathy. They have monkey faces, Paderewski hair and the bodies of St. Bernard dogs. At least that's the way they struck me."

However, the municipal art commission approved the lions—even after they saw them. Edward C. Potter, the sculptor of Greenwich, Conn., supplied the novel beasts at a cost to the library of $10,500. Some time ago Mr. Potter was asked what in the literary sense the lions stood for, and he very boldly answered that he didn't know, and when he was asked what lions stood for in art anyway he replied also that he was sure he didn't know.

The suggestion has been made that a good way out of it would be to give the lions to the Central Park or Bronx Zoo. But in regard to that it has been said that none of the experts of the zoo would be able to classify these library lions. They are not at all like other lions, excepting that they look quite fierce, as though they would like to see anybody trying to get a book out of that library.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

CYCLONES AND TORNADOES

I would like to have you tell me something about cyclones and tornadoes. Is there any difference between them?—A. F. A., Groom, Tex.

The term cyclone is applied to any system of winds blowing around a center of low pressure, and a cyclone is distinguished from an anti-cyclone, which is a system of winds with a center of high pressure. These two systems are always in proximity with one another, though their centers may be, and usually are, very far apart. In the cyclone there is a gradual rise of barometric pressure from the center to the circumference, in the anti-cyclone a gradual fall. Consequently the tendency of the winds in a cyclone is toward the center, and in an anti-cyclone it is from the center. A cyclonic system travels in a certain direction from the region where it originates till it is dissipated or destroyed; an anti-cyclonic system generally remains in the region where it is formed, its center only shifting about in comparatively narrow limits. The isobaric lines of a cyclone, especially near the center, are almost circular, those of the anti-cyclone extremely irregular, and the rate of increase or decrease in pressure is usually greater in the former than in the latter. A system of cyclones and anti-cyclones is passing over the country all the time.

The tornado on the other hand is far different from the cyclone. It is more of a local windstorm, while the cyclone progresses throughout the country. Its motion is always from southwest to the northeast, and its path varies from a few yards to 80 rods in width. The moving air always makes its appearance in the form of a funnel-shaped cloud, the small end drawing near to the earth, and revolves about a central, vertical axis with inconceivable rapidity and always in a right to left direction, or opposite to the movement of the hands of a watch. With scarce an exception the tornado occurs in the afternoon, just when the hottest part of the day is over. It is caused by heat, that is, by the contact of currents of law temperature from the north with those of extremely high temperature from the south. The struggle of these atmospheric forces toward an equilibrium of temperature produces the mass of swiftly whirling air which we know as the tornado cloud. The velocity of the particles of air in this mass is so great that it is difficult to estimate it, but it is believed to be from 100 to 500 miles an hour, and it is sometimes, no doubt, even greater than this. Observers note four motions of the tornado cloud: 1, the gyratory movement of its air particles; 2, the onward motion of the storm; 3, the rising and falling movement of the cloud, and 4, its oscillation or swaying from side to side. It is also noted that the force of the tornado is constant, that it does not seem to spend itself, as the phrase is, by the destruction of the strongest buildings, but the cloud disappears by going from the earth upward, evidently being acted upon by forces in the upper region of the atmosphere. Close observation, such as has been made of many tornadoes under the direction of the signal service, seems to show that electricity is not an active cause of the tornado, but is often present as an accompaniment, being generated by the rapid motion of the air. Hail always accompanies the tornado, being formed by the same cause, that is, the rapid condensation of the moisture of southern winds by contact with cold northern currents. Lightning and thunder never attend on the tornado cloud itself, but sometimes appear in the region of other outside clouds while the tornado cloud is in motion.

BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE

I wish you would please give an account of the battle of Tippecanoe. Is there any mention made in any of your references to Burill Gibson, who fought in the battle?—E. B. G., DeWitt, Ark.

We can find no reference made of Burill Gibson in our accounts of the battle of Tippecanoe.

The battle was fought on November 7 1811, near the site of the present village of Battle Ground, on the Tippecanoe river, in Tippecanoe county, Indiana. There were about 90 Americans under William Henry Harrison, then governor of the territory of Indiana, lined up against a force of Indians nominally under "the Prophet," brother of Tecumseh, but actually commanded by three chiefs, Stone Eater, White Loon, and Winnemac. Harrison estimated the number of Indians as about 6,000, but there were probably less than that. Harrison encamped on the night preceding the battle near the Indian village on the Tippecanoe river, and while his men were asleep early the next morning the Indians fell upon them with great fury, and were only defeated and driven from the field after several hours of desperate fighting, in which the whites lost about 185 in killed and wounded, the loss of the Indians being unknown, though they left 40 dead on the field. The village was found in a deserted condition the following day and was burned by Harrison's men. Then Harrison withdrew to Vincennes for prudent reasons.

MARRIAGE LAWS

I would like to have the Question Bureau please give an explaantion of the marriage laws of Ohio and Kentucky.—E. S. H., Lucas, W. Va.

In Kentucky marriages between whites and persons of negro descent are prohibited. In Ohio first cousins are not allowed to marry, while the marriage of step-relatives is also forbidden in that state, but not in Kentucky. In the latter state the marriage of lunatics is also forbidden. In both states males must be 21 years of age before they can marry without the consent of parents or guardians. Females must be 18 years old in Ohio, and 21 years in Kentucky.

MORMONS ON BEAVER ISLANDS

Please tell what you can about the Mormon colony on Beaver Islands in Lake Michigan.—H. E. C., Petoskey, Mich.

Beaver Islands is the name of a group of islands in the north part of Lake Michigan, in Charlevoix county. In 1847, the largest town, St. James, on Big Beaver island, was settled by James J. Strang, a Mormon elder, driven away from the parent Mormon community because his claims conflicted with those of Brigham Young. In the little colony which he called St. James, after himself, Strang exercised the authority of king and high priest, and was implicitly obeyed. Two years after his settlement there he introduced polgamy. But it did not spread rapidly and led to withdrawals and troubles with the "gentiles." In 1856 Strang was assassinated and the colony dispersed. At the present time there are several lighthouses on the island, and the population of St. James, in 1900, was 420.

MADAME GUYON

I would like a history of the life of Madame Guyon to be published in the Question Bureau.—L. D. P., Spencer, N. Y.

Jeanne-Marie Bouvier de la Motte Guyon, the French mystic, was born April 13, 1648, and died June 9, 1717. She introduced in France the system of Quietism. When only 16 years of age she was married to Jacques Guyon, after whose death in 1676 the tendency to mystic enthusiasm which had characterized her younger years acquired ascendency. She published several works pertaining to the system. Finally the archbishop of Paris took steps to prevent the spread of her mystical doctrines, and through his influence she was shut up in the convent of the Visitation, but afterwards released at the instigation of Madame Maintenon, who herself became for a time a convert to the new doctrines. She allowed Madame Guyon to preach in the seminary of St. Cyr, where she made a convert and disciple of Fenelon. A commission of ecclesiastics, chief among whom was Rossuet, now sat in judgment, and the doctrines of Madame Guyon were condemned in 1695. This led to her being imprisoned for some years, being released from the Bastille in 1702. The remainder of her life was spent in retirement and in works of charity.

POPULATION OF CITIES

Which has the largest population, Fort Worth, Texas, or Oklahoma City, Oklahoma?—J. F. C., Loudon, Tenn.

The census taken in 1910 shows the population of Fort Worth, Texas, as 73,312, and that of Oklahoma City as 64,205.

PEOPLE OF INDIA

Please tell something about the people who live in India and their advancement in civilization.—T. O., Wellsboro, Pa.

The country of India is inhabited by people of several distinct groups and classes. Before the Mohammedan ascendency the dominant race were the Hindus. But they were not the aboriginal inhabitants or even the first invaders. From the northwest or India, through Kashmir and down the valley of the Indus, and from Tibet through the passes of the Himalayas, the inhabitants of northern Asia from a very early period migrated southward to the milder and more fertile plains of India. Two great successions of these invasions are recognized as having taken place before the period of authentic history. The first immigrants, commonly known as the Tamil races, appear to have overspread the entire peninsula. Following them the Sanskrit speaking peoples, called the Hindus, of Aryan speech, dispossessed the Tamil races, and superseded their language in the whole of India north of the Nerbudda. Later the Hindus descended into the peninsula and penetrated as far as Cape Comorin; but though their influence on the languages of southern India was considerable in the way of introducing new terms, the grammar and construction of the Tamil languages maintained their place in the districts south of the Nerbudda. The native tribes were not exterminated by these invasions, but are still to be found under various names. The hill tribes and other aborigines of India are estimated at 70,000,000.

MARK TWAIN

Please give me a biographical sketch of Mark Twain in the columns of the Question Bureau.—G. B., Lapeer, Mich.

Samuel Langhorne Clemens (Mark Twain), American humorist, was born in Monroe county, Missouri, November 30, 1835. He attended a common school until 18 years of age, when he became an apprentice in a printing office at Hannibal, Missouri, and afterwards worked at his trade in St. Louis, Cincinnati, New York and Philadelphia. In 1855 he went to New Orleans, intending to take passage for Para to explore the Amazon and to engage in the cocoa trade. But the fact that there was no ship from New Orleans to Para prevented the fulfillment of his plans. On the way down the Mississippi he had made friends with the pilot and learned to steer the boat, and for the consideration of $500 they engaged to make him a St. Louis and Orleans pilot. He went up and down the river steering and studying the 1,275 miles of river, and after a time secured a license and obtained a situation at $250 a month. In 1861 his brother was appointed secretary of the territory of Nevada, and he accompanied him as private, and says in his Roughing It that he was really worth a million dollars for just 10 days, and lost it through his heedlessness. He then shoveled quartz in a silver mine for $10 a week, but for one week only. In the meantime he had written several letters to the Virginia City Enterprise, and in the winter of '72 he became city editor, a position he held for three years. Part of the time he wrote legislative proceedings from Carson, summing up the week's doings in letters which he signed "Mark Twain." The name was a remembrance of his Mississippi days, when that phrase was used to denote a depth of two fathoms of water (12 feet). From there he went to San Francisco, and for five months was a reporter on the Morning Call. He then went to Calaveras county and engaged in surface gold digging for three months, without success. Returning to San Francisco, he supported himself for several months by newspaper work. In 1866 he went to the Hawaiian islands, coming back with a high reputation, which he turned to account by giving lectures in San Francisco and through California and Nevada. He then went east and published the Jumping Frog and Other Sketches. In the same year he went up the Mediterranean with a pleasure party. Of this excursion he gave humorous accounts in his Innocents Abroad, of which 125,000 copies were sold. The most noted of the other books he has written are Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. In 1909 Twain went to the Bermudas, for he began to fail after his favorite daughter died. He returned to his home and died April 21, 1910.

GOATS

Will you please give a description of goats, and is their milk good to drink?—A. W. E., Ionia, Mich.

All the various domestic goats of the world are regarded by naturalists as the more or less modified descendants of a single species, still wild in the mountains of southwestern Asia. Goats differ from sheep in having rounded rather than triangular horns, present in both sexes and rising upward and backward, not coiled beside the head; a straight, not bowed, profile; and a bearded chin in the males. They have no glandular pit between the toes like the sheep, and a vile odor emanates from the skin of a hegoat. Goats are the same size as sheep, but stronger. They are less timid and more agile. They frequent the rocks and mountains and eat scanty, coarse food. The milk of the female goat is sweet, nourishing, and medicinal. The flesh is good for food.

MEXICAN CLIMATE

Please tell all you can about the climate of the republic of Mexico.—W. T. R., Myrtle Point, Ore.

The climate of Mexico is from tropic to temperate. On account of the latitude there are three climatic levels known as the hot lands on the coast; the temperate lands, from 3,000 to 6,000 feet above the sea, and the cold lands 6,000 high. But these, except the steaming southern coast lands, are to some extent relative terms; "cold" meaning one thing on high ground at 32 degrees north, and quite another at 15 degrees. The hot lands have a mean temperature at about 80 degrees; and a summer heart often of 100 degrees; the southern cold ones rarely go below 20 degrees and have a mean temperature of 60 degrees. In the Valley of Mexico, the "perpetual spring," the range is usually 65 to 70 degrees the year through. There is no true winter, but a rainy season from June to October; the dry one November to May. Malarial fevers are prevalent along the coast, and have been somewhat in the damp Valley of Mexico; but the great drainage tunnel finished in 1903 has much improved the sanitary conditions.

THE WORD GARAGE

Will you please tell me from what word "garage" is derived and how it is pronounced?—J. B. W., Clinton, Mich.

The word "garage" is derived from the French word "garer," which means to keep or to guard. The last syllable is accented. Both "a's" are given the broad sound. The first "g" is hard and the last is soft.

WILLIAM LORIMER

Please give a short sketch of the life of William Lorimer in the columns of the Question Bureau.—H. J. D., Virginia, Ill.

William Lorimer, the Illinois senator, was born in Manchester, England, April 27, 1861. When five years old he came with his parents to the United States, and in 1870 went to Chicago, where they resided. At the age of 10 he became a sign painter's apprentice, and later worked in packing houses and for a street railroad company. In 1886 he entered the real estate business, and in 1900 became a member of the firm of Lorimer and Gallagher, contractors. In 1907 Lorimer was made president of the Federal Improvement Co. While in Chicago he held important positions in the waterworks department. He was a member of the 54th to 56th congresses, and the 58th to the 61st. While filling his terms in the lower house he was a member of the committees on agriculture and rivers and harbors. On May 26, 1909, he was elected United States senator from Illinois. He resigned from the lower house on June 18 of the same year. Lorimer has been accused of getting his seat in the upper house with the aid of bribery.

BENJAMIN WILSON

Please give a biography of Benjamin Frank Wilson in the Question Bureau.—T. L. C., Glen Dean, Ky.

Benjamin Frank Wilson, the educator, was born near Mayesville, S. C., March 12, 1862, and died in 1902. He was of Scotch-Irish descent, his parents having fled from Scotland to escape religious persecution and sought refuge in northern Ireland. From there they came to South Carolina, where their son was born. Until he was 17 years old he lived on his father's cotton plantation, receiving his early education in the country schools. In 1880 he entered Davidson college, North Carolina, from which he graduated in 1884, having completed his five years' course in four. He received many honors during his college course, having medals bestowed upon him both in his junior and senior years, and being the valedictorian of the class at commencement. In the fall of his graduation year he entered the theological seminary of the Presbyterian church at Columbia, S. C., and the next year he entered the theological seminary at Princeton, N. J., from which he was graduated in 1887. He took the second Greek prize in his first year and the first Hebrew prize the second year. In the summer of 1887 he took charge of the First Presbyterian church at Spartanburg, S. C., and continued as its successful pastor until 1[illegible] Wilson spent the summer of 1888 in the University of Berlin, where he pursued philosophical and philological studies. In 1889 he was elected alumnus orator by his alma mater. In the winter of 1889 he was elected president of Converse college, and organized a well-appointed institution of learning, for the higher education of women, which in its standard of scholarship has maintained the highest record of any college for women in the southern states.

J. N. FREE

Will you please tell me what you can about the Immortal J. N., who appeared about the beginning of the war?—J. H. J., Smith Ferry, Pa.

J. N. Free was a man who traveled about the country on railroad passes obtained through his nerve. He was forever announcing lectures at which he "would lift the veil," but these lectures were never delivered. He died in the state hospital at Toledo a few years ago.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

I would like to have the standing of the American association baseball clubs.—J. C. K., Boise, Idaho.

On August 1, 1911, the standing of the baseball clubs forming the American association was as follows: Minneapolis—.550; Kansas City—.539; Columbus—.534; St. Paul—.510; Milwaukee—.505; Toledo—.481; Louisville—.437, and Indianapolis—.433.

MISCELLANEOUS

S. R. A., Lynnville, Ia.—We cannot give you the address you wish. It is against our rules.

J. M. J., Cairo, W. Va.—You will have to communicate with some official of the lodge for the information you wish.

C. B., Lewisburg, W. Va.—The farmers' free list bill was printed in a recent issue of The Blade.

T. B. E., Bristol, Ind.—We do not know of any such book as you mention.

J. G. P., Bloomer, Wis.—As we have said many times, the Nasby letters are out of print.

G. C., Durand, Mich.—See a pension attorney for the information you want.

P. S., Bernice, W. Va.—You can get the song you want at any music store.

L. G., Eustis, Nebr.—We have no list of the names of those who perished in the forest fires of Canada.

D. H. C., Leigh, Nebr.—Such places as you mention are regulated by either state or town laws and not by national law.

S. E. F., Adrian, Mo.—Books can be obtained containing full information concerning the Boy Scout movement.

Brief Stories of Mythology.

THOR AND HIS HAMMER—1.

For the pleasure of our readers a series of tales of mythology will be published in The Blade. These articles will present the common and best known versions of several of the stories concerning the adventures of old Grecian heroes and gods. The first is a tale of northern mythology and has the god Thor for its leading character.

Of all the tales common to northern mythology that of Thor and his hammer is the most interesting. Thor had lost his hammer and was desirous of recovering it. He discovered that the giant Thrym had buried the hammer under the rocks of Jotunheim to a depth of eight fathoms. Loki was sent to negotiate for the return of the hammer but Thrym was obdurate in his refusal to give it up. He finally agreed to surrender it to Thor provided that he could have the consent of the goddess Freya to become his wife. When the goddess of love heard of the result of Loki's mission she was very much horrified to think of bestowing herself upon Thrym.

Loki set his brain to work to outwit Thrym and get the hammer. He thought of a plan and mentioned it to Thor, who acquiesced. The scheme was to dress Thor in Freya's garments and accompany Loki to the realm of the king of the Forest giants. Thrym received the veiled bride with due courtesy, but was dumbfounded on seeing her eat for supper eight salmon and a full-grown ox, besides other delicacies, washing down the whole with three tuns of mead. However, the clever Loki assured him that she had tasted nothing for eight whole days, so great was her desire to see her lover. Thrym then became curious to look under his bride's veil, but started back with affright and demanded why Freya's eyeballs glistened like balls of fire. Loki gave the same excuse and the giant was satisfied. He ordered the hammer to be brought in and laid on the maiden's lap. Thus armed Thor was invincible, so he threw off his disguise, grasped the weapon and slaughtered Thrym and all his followers. To be sure there was great rejoicing in the hall of the gods the next day when it became known that Thor had recovered the hammer.

Nice for Creditors.

Scottish Critic, Glasgow.

A section of the national insurance bill provides that "it shall not be lawful during any period that an insured person is in receipt of sickness benefit or during the 14 days immediately following that period for any person to levy any distress or execution upon any goods or chattels belonging to said insured person and being on premises occupied by him." A penalty is imposed upon persons taking such proceedings. Therefore, a creditor has to make inquiry as to sickness benefit, and in the next place he may, if a landlord, have to wait for months, without rent, before he can take action to secure payment. Practically, this abolishes the law of hypothec, and landlords will be forced to have themselves insured against the sickness-benefit contingency or take other steps to protect themselves.

Dog Stops a Runaway.

Mt. Sterling Democrat.

One day last week Dock Hicks, a well-known man of Menifee county, was in Mt. Sterling and was driving a spirited horse, which became frightened at the large steam roller being used on the streets preparatory to bricking them, and ran away down Locust street. Int its flight it ran into the wagon of the Mt. Sterling Laundry company, turning it over and nearly wrecking the buggy, but somehow managed to break away and ran down Locust street, and was passing the livery stable of A. B. Setters, when Buster, the small bulldog owned by Mr. Setters, rushed out and attempted to stop the horse. The animal was going so fast, however, that he dragged the dog for nearly a block, and when the pursuing men finally did catch him they found him running around in a circle with the line in Buster's mouth.

A Race of Tenors.

Harper's Weekly.

Generally speaking, races living at high altitudes have weaker and more highly pitched voices than those living in regions where the supply of oxygen is more plentiful.

Thus, in South America, among the Indians living on the plateaus, between the ranges of the Andes, at an elevation of from 10,000 feet to 14,000 feet, the men have voices like women, and the women like children, their singing being a shrill monotone.

A French Heroine.

London Globe.

The Souvenir Francais has placed a tablet on a house at Bievres to commemorate Mme. Juliette Dodu. There was a large assembly, as was fitting for the occasion, inasmuch as the lady played an important part at the time of the war with Germany. She had charge of the telegraph office at Pithviers, and hid the machines during the day, pretending they had been seized. At night she brought them out and succeeded in tapping the wires over which the German communications were passing. The information thus received she communicated to Gen. d'Aurelle de Paladines. She was discovered, brought before a court-martial and sentenced to death. The kaiser's father, though not approving Mme. Dodu's act, could not help admiring her patriotism, and through his representation she was pardoned.

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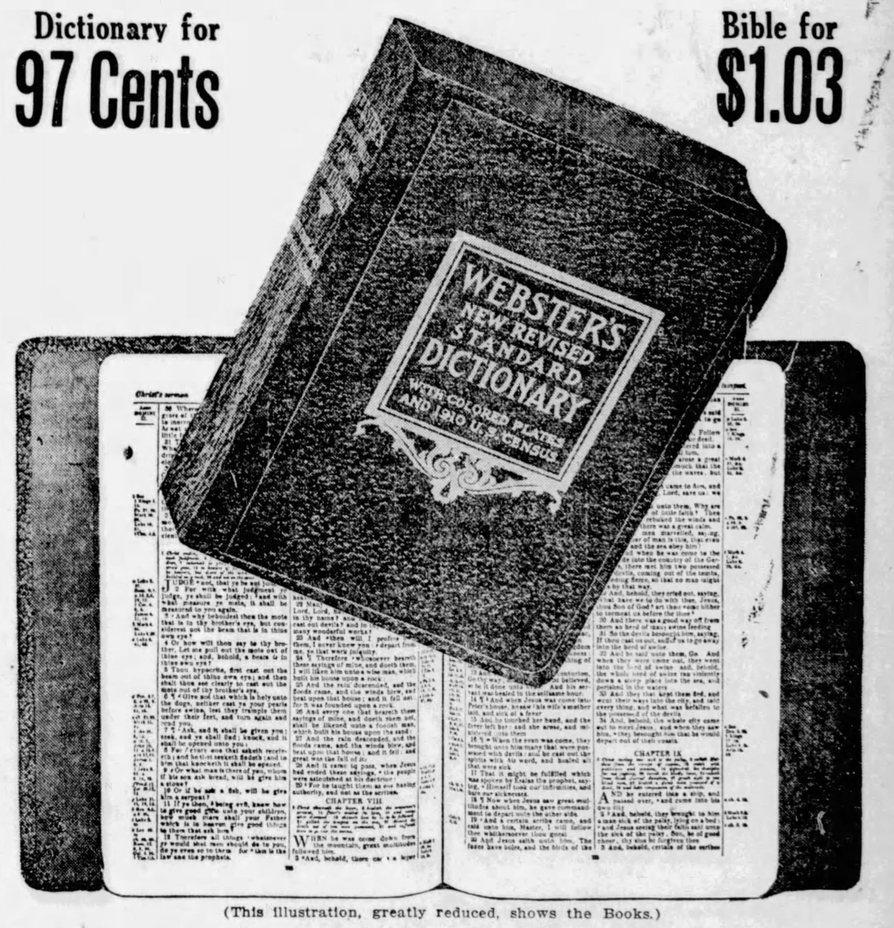

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My friends were charitable and they called it obesity; others referred to me as being STOUT but I know, it was just plain bulky weight. I was miserable,—you too, are equally miserable if you are too stout.

To reduce your weight you must find the cause, you must get at the very reason.

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Before I succeeded, I tried everything within reason and some things beyond reason.

It was maddening,—disgusting.

All I had to do was to remove the cause, and I swear under oath, that by my simple method, without drugs, medicine, harmful exercises, or starvation diet, I reduced my weight 37 pounds in five weeks, and guarantee that I can do the same for you. I do not use medicine of any kind or worthless stuff to rub on the body, but a simple home treatment; even a child can use it without harm. Through this marvelous combination home treatment, I succeeded because I had found the right way. I can now climb to the summit of Pike's Peak with ease. I could not do that until I had taken off 37 pounds of my ponderous weight.

If you are interested in your own happiness and health and figure you will permit me to tell you how to reduce your weight "Nature's Way."

I have printed a booklet for you entitled, "Weight Reduction Without Drugs," which I am giving away without charge, prepaid to you, so that you may know of my successful method and be able to permanently reduce your weight any amount up to 70 pounds, without harmful exercises or starvation diet, drug or medicines.

Send for my booklet, "Weight Reduction Without Drugs." It is yours for the asking, and I will be glad to send it to you, postage prepaid.

I have found that the best way to know happiness is to give it.

Sincerely your friend,

MARJORIE HAMILTON,

Suite 265, Central Bank Bldg., Denver, Colo

TOLEDO BLADE

THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1911

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Truth is mighty, but a lie can travel faster.

Of what use is the "gift of tongues" to a woman if she never marries?.

Have you tried rubbing noses as a substitute for kissing? Neither have we.

Kansas has prohibited the use of the madstone. Civilization is spreading.

The old red petticoat has a rival. An Ohio man flagged a train with his shirt.

"Necessity is the mother of invention." But who was the father—laziness?

Vardaman and Jeff Davis will be twin noises in the United States senate.

The man who starts out to estimate the value of a rain never puts it below a million dollars.

At times President Taft acts like a man who would rather be right than a second termer.

Discontented persons always think that life looks more joyful on the other side of the street.

Begins to look as if Mr. Bryan is destined to need what is known as under-dog sympathy.

Without some natural ability it is impossible for a man to become a poet or a successful thief.

One trouble with the tariff question is that all statesmen cannot jump at the same conclusion.

Tennessee burglars stole $1,000 in Confederate money. Evidently they didn't know the war was over.

People can bow to the will of the majority and still have very little respect for the majority's judgment.

A Missouri judge rules that a man may spank his wife, but he doesn't recommend it as a healthful exercise.

What has become of the old-fashioned preacher who used to declare that salvation is free, glory hallelujah?

Mr. Taft may not be making as much news as some Presidents have made, but he is making more history.

Marie: Jonah was the author of phrase: "You can't keep a good man down." He made the remark to the whale.

The only good thing that can be said of the Missouri man who hitched his wife to the plow is that he was kind to his mules.

There is no sense in worrying about the kind of hats the women are going to wear. The extreme of ugliness has been reached.

Caesar and Plato were beer drinkers, say the brewers to Doc Wiley. They don't mention Socrates. He took hemlock straight.

After looking over his bank book James J. Hill makes the optimistic observation that there is plenty of money in the country.

William Jennings Bryan has some old-fashioned Christian ideas that are worthy of emulation. He won't discuss Governor Harmon on Sunday.

The germ theorists haven't got around to the necessity of boiling the water in the watermelon. Must we assume that it is absolutely pure?

One scientist declares that there is a heaven for horses. Then there ought to be some such place for mules. They don't get a pleasant thought on earth.

A Georgia woman who has buried five soldier husbands has made application for five pensions. The audience will please rise and join in singing the Star Spangled Banner.

One magazine has been taking a straw vote on favorite sons. The result doesn't matter. The man who shines in a straw vote is often the dull-thud victim of a convention.

The Louisville postal clerk who has announced himself as a candidate for President has the right idea. This is a free country. If others want to wait for the office to seek the man, all right.

MAKING USELESS CONGRESSMEN

Nothing save cheap, greedy politics caused the passage of the bill which will, increase the membership of the national house of representatives. Uncle Sam will be forced to spend $400,000 more a year and for this he receives in exchange a number of perfectly useless congressmen, a more cumbersome lower house, a more confused process of legislation and a feeling of disgust for the quality of present day statesmanship.

The great movement toward direct legislation gains its impetus in the failure of representative government to represent. We do not believe that the most enthusiastic advocates of the initiative and referendum, the recall and other policies of the sort are, in their hearts' convinced that representative government is impossible. They have been led into their advocacy of the newer schemes through noting that men in office are seduced by money, flattery and the love of power. They condemn the system because the average of intelligence and character of the men conducting the system is low. They bring charges against the state because the electorate has used poor judgment at the polls. They cry for a new outfit of administrative and legislative machinery because the mechanics now in charge prove themselves incapable of running it properly.

At this juncture, the men elected to defend as well as to guide representative government solemnly place a weapon in the hands of the enemy. In order to meet the demands of political machines they provide those who would make them a lot of insignificant puppets with as fine an excuse for doing so as could be devised.

NEARER UNIVERSAL PEACE.

The arbitration treaty between Britain, France and the United States has been signed upon a day when the nations are spending more upon armaments than they ever did before, when military experts are pleading for larger war chests, when three of the great powers are snarling at one another and an anxious world waits the sound of booming guns.

It is the faith of those concerned in the writing of this treaty that it will lead the way to the curtailment of armaments, that the military experts may become less insistent in their cry for money and that no nation and no group of nations will think of leaping at one another's throats.

The treaty has defects, of course. It cannot be ideal while human passions are what they are. But the treaty does mean that nations have progressed so far along the road of civilization that they can bring themselves to the dignified discussion of grievances which heretofore have been thought beyond discussion, disputes to be settled by nothing else except powder and shell.

The relations between England, France and America are most pleasant. There is not a cloud upon the horizon. The prospect for a clash is remote. The treaty, therefore, may never get a test. But it constitutes a precedent. If these three great countries can bring themselves to signing it, then others can sign similar covenants. Germany, now the military pacemaker of the world, may be brought to the temper of entering into such a compact. Then it will be truly said that universal peace is fairly assured.

THE TOWN OF MOBS.

Ground for a new subway was broken in New York the other day. As the silver spade was lifted away, a crowd rushed in. Everything movable was seized by the souvenir hunters. Handsful of earth were snatched up. There were no arrests, however, and for the excellent reason that the police got out of the way.

New York has more persons involved in the rush of business than any other city in the world, and more persons, with the leisure to stand around and watch a fallen horse. It has more blase residents than any other community and more who can find an hour's entertainment in observing a window dresser at work. By the square yard it has more anarchists and more snobs, more people loudly asserting their democracy and more flunkies, more men parading their virtues and more crooks than all the other cities in the world put together.

If you want to see a mob, don't go to Alabama and look around for a lynching excursion. Go to New York when a civic ceremony is carried out or a member of the Smart Set gets married.

A HAYTIAN ADVANTAGE.

It is the regret of the editor that he has failed to chalk up the opportunities he has had, in the course of years, to comment upon civil war in Hayti. Statistics upon the subject would be interesting even though of no particular value. For strife among the Haytians is like the appetite for pork chops among the colored brethren of America. It is fixed and immutable.

Our Haytian neighbors began early to amass the "pride, pomp and circumstance of war." But they have not yet reached the point of satiation. In every generation there is a full crop of generals, strutting with dazzling importance across the stage of history and occasionally displaying the courage to wear a pair of boots. Naval commanders, civil administrators, ministers of varied degree and resounding title, have their hour in the sunlight of publicity and then disappear to be followed by another assortment of dusky moving pictures. If ever a census is taken of the republic, those inhabitants who have never been military strategists nor presidents will be marked by their rarity. Should justice be done, appropriations will be made for monuments for them. Any other reward is likely to be wasted upon souls so abjectly unworldly and modest.

It is given to the spectator in life to see many strange processions, to observe mankind performing both nobly and like a monkey. For one who prefers the latter spectacle, surely Hayti is uneclipsed.

A CHILD AND A THEORY.

A little girl out west was stricken with a muscular disease at the age of three. She could no longer walk, but when moving about was compelled to crawl. At the age of 13 the muscles were moved back into place and the child now stands erect once more.

If the evolutionists are right the disease which came upon this child was no disease at all. Her deformity was but a return to that state of being which nature, at the outset, intended. One of the speculations of the anatomists deals with the unsolvable problem of how it came about that man stood erect, walked about upon his feet instead of upon hands and feet. How long was it before the muscles of the legs swung out of their original position? Did the process come gradually as the scientists of an older school would believe? Or was the change abrupt, revolutionary, a product of Nature's violent whims, as the advocates of the favorite theory of the day would argue?

But, in the practical instance, it really doesn't matter what the ancient muscular arrangements were. The point is—that a little girl shall walk again as her playmates walk, that she shall look straight into the eyes of mother and father and no longer at the ground.

BACK UP THE SWATTER.

Dr. L. O. Howard, of the department of agriculture, has been looking into the life history of the house fly. He finds that the female lays about 120 eggs at a time. These hatch in about 24 hours. The larval state lasts from five to seven days, the pupal state about as long. The development of the generation is reached in 10 days.

The conquest of this dirty-footed creature, breeder of disease and distributor of repulsiveness, can't be left, Dr. Howard believes, wholly to the housewives. Active as they are, the fly is more active in reproducing its kind. For each fly that falls before the ruthlessness of brooms, blows and poison, many others are born to take its place in the occupation of keeping humanity within the danger zone. It is urgently recommended, then, that municipalities shall make and enforce a set of rigid rules which will close the avenue between the energetic egg layer and material in which flies can develop. Until that is done the pest will remain. Which is not to say that it isn't wise to keep the pest from tracking over the breakfast table and sipping at the dinner soup. Swat tirelessly.

A GOOD CONSTITUTION.

The forthcoming constitutional convention, everyone may be sure, will be a real convention—not a packed body playing tricks with the fundamental law, pursuing fads or killing time for the purpose of drawing a salary. It will be a working gathering because the interest of the people in the convention has been aroused.

The legislature which gained the best credits this year was that of the state of New Jersey. It was a good legislature because it worked in the limelight. The governor had promised to review the career of each and every member, specifically and fully, if the business of law making wasn't carried out decently and efficiently. The result was that public curiosity was aroused. Every step was watched. The legislators were on their metal to show what was in them.

The campaign for delegates to the constitutional convention shows that the voters are not going to sleep while the law is overhauled and revamped. With the demand for reforms now so insistent, there is no prospect that the convention will be permitted to dawdle. It will have the very best stimulation possible toward the writing of an able constitution. That stimulation is public interest.

THE CANOE.

John Macgregor, a man of an adventurous turn, invented a craft upon the lines of the Esquimaux kayak. He named it the Rob Roy and with it cruised in the Danube, the fjords of Norway and upon rivers of Palestine and Egypt. It requires no long memory to recall when Rob Roy canoes were held in great esteem, when makers were advertising them and small boys were dreaming longingly for their possession.

Where, one may ask, are the Rob Roys of yesterday? Possibly if there were no better craft—light of weight, easy to propel, comfortable and inviting—that type would still be the favorite. But it was doomed from its beginning to disappear or to suffer modifications. For it was far excelled by another. Try as manufacturers have tried, experiment as amateurs and tinkers will, there is no better canoe than that invented by the North American Indian. Its lines are the true lines, the perfect lines. They haven't been improved and possibly never will be. It may represent a perfection as rear as human craftsmanship can ever hope to obtain. Material has been bettered, though those who hunt and fish in the North Woods have reason to dispute that. There is more comfort in the factory article. That doesn't constitute a highly important improvement.

When the last "red skin" is gone and the works of his people are summed up, it will be agreed that the greatest achievement of the race has been the canoe.

ROMANCE DEAD?

A noble ship is dismasted and turned to employment as a coal barge. Romance is dead, mourn the sailors. The cattle country is cut into small farms and the cowboy guides a plow where once he guided a pitching cayuse. Romance is dead, lament the old inhabitants. A girl in her teens sells herself to a dissipated old millionaire. Romance is dead, sighs the reader of Indiana fiction.

But no.

A young lady, described as a member of a fashionable summer colony on Long Island, had been engaged to marry for several months. But the young man was, contrary to the rule, of a most prosiac mind. She thought an elopement would be just too lovely for anything. He thought it would be silly. She pleaded. He balked. But she was not to be turned from her ideal. She was bound there should be an elopement. She looked about her. She found another young man to her liking. They eloped.

Romance dead? Who can say so?

LIBERTY UNAPPRECIATED.

The "suicide note" is among the commonplaces of the daily service of literature. Persons finding it convenient or necessary to fade from the ken of their fellows compose a last message to the folks, leave it where it may be found, preferably by some stream, and flit to new and distant parts. The setting is usually dramatic, the lines pathetic, the inferences of a soul in distress obvious. There are hysterics at home and far away, a man sitting upon the top of a box car is drinking deeply and gratefully of newly acquired freedom.

Our distaste for the writers of "suicide notes" is not because of their cowardliness in making needless pain. Poor souls, they may have just claims for revenge and the fullest right to leave a legacy of tears and remorse. But the trouble with them is that they won't stay "suicides." They won't remain disappeared. Sooner or later they drift back to old haunts and assume if they can the old way of life. Their early promise of responding to the tragic muse is not fulfilled. They take their departure with a fine, stirring, upheaving climax. They come slipping back with a puny, ridiculous anticlimax.

Those who contemplate emigrating to other climes to the accompaniment of "suicide notes" are urged to keep themselves put. As "suicides" they command a tremor of pathos in the reminiscenses of friends and relatives. As individuals unappreciative of liberty and the open road they can command nothing save a jeer.

THE REVOLT AGAINST BRYAN.

The quarrel between Mr. Bryan and Representative Underwood brought out the fact that Mr. Bryan has lost considerable ground in the estimation of Democrats in Washington. It didn't prove, however, that his following throughout the country is also prepared to desert and disown him.

As between the Democrats and Republicans, the Bryan strength has been a steadily decreasing quantity. But in the rank and file of the Democratic party—or rather that part of it which has remained loyal—the admiration for the Nebraskan has not been dimmed. The Presidential candidate who ignores that fact will reap disappointment for his blindness. Mr. Harmon appears to believe he can afford to, which proves rather the proverbial capacity of Democratic candidates for doing the wrong thing than it proves political shrewdness in the governor. If the house Democrats take pains to express a contempt for Mr. Bryan, there are chances that the old friends of Mr. Bryan—the ones who are not aspiring for office, but who hold most of the Democratic votes—may deliver some expressions of contempt themselves and in the way most biting and telling.

The time is not yet when the wake can be held over Mr. Bryan's influence. It is still a lusty power, bidding fair to keep on talking at conventions and elections for some years to come.

AND AFTER THAT?

The chief health officer of Richmond, Va., declares that the negro race is dying out. It will, he says, be extinct in America in the twenty-first century.

A few weeks ago a statistician of note declared that the white race was doomed to be succeeded in North America by a race as black as the Hottentots. He flourished figures to prove it.

Now that we know there are neither to be blacks nor whites in our country an indefinite century or so hence, suppose we dig our discarded worry, "the Yellow Peril," out of the junk heap and see whether there still remains any nice and goose fleshy possibilities in it.

A NOBLE SPORT.

Our favorite form of summer exercise is mountain climbing.

There is surely no more delightful recreation than getting the sag of a hammock adjusted to one's person, to open up the newspaper and go mounting the heights in company with bare-kneed, crop-whiskered guides. The road is one that tries the muscles to the utmost. Its rocks and drops, its ice and snow glare, its thousand difficulties, bring out the best that is in a person. At the second paragraph the pulses are leaping joyously. The scene is unfolding. The serrated peaks above stand out like a skyscraper in a prairie town. Below are pretty valleys and shining roads and glistening waters. The pace grows harder. As the eyes run down the column, the breath comes faster, a little painful from the strain and the rarified air. Here at the precipice side is the cairn marking where a party of six was overwhelmed by an avalanche and carried away to Kingdom Come. We look over the dizzy declivity. No longer can the homes of men be distinguished from amid the woods and fields. The wind grows colder. Ropes are tied about the waist and the guides repeat their warnings. Then the long, heartbreaking climb to the summit at the top of the second column. At last the peak! The photographing! The posing! The intoxicating joy of achievement! Was there ever such another sport? Weary, but happy, we stretch out to a new position in the hammock, throw the paper out upon the grass and go snoozing away, conscious of strength, health, bravery and a rare capacity for endurance.

THEIR USE.

There is this satisfaction in the silly annals of the rich: They are proof positive that there is no aristocracy in our democracy.

An aristocracy to exist must have a people to respect it. Unless it is looked up to, unless its superiority is acknowledged it cannot. Money alone cannot make gentlemen and gentlewomen. It cannot supply good breeding where the instinct for it is absent. It can and does give a prominence, a position of aloofness more or less worth while. When monkeys are entertained at dinner the rich obtain a publicity denied to the organ-grinder who divides his crust with his penny-collector. The family skeleton of the Astorbilts is not to be kept in a closet, but to be hung from an upper window and its clattering bones shaken that all may hear. If this is an advantage it is denied the poor. Should a girl in her teens sell herself for millions, the fact is recorded in the daily papers. Not so in the case of the poor girl who goes wrong. It is just as well, since the prized advertising in one instance constitutes shame in the other.

The arch-millionaires are a class, but not an aristocracy. They are a black eddy, such as may be observed in a stream flowing past a city. The scum and foul things swing and circle in currents of their own. But the river, running true and deep, flows by untainted to its destiny.

MAKING THE TRUSTS MEEK.

The dissolution of the Standard Oil company is to be a dissolution only in name. No one questions that the same individuals will have the commanding voice in the score or so of small companies who have had it in the trust. Trade agreements will take the place of direct orders. A thorough understanding will serve the same ends as did the direction of affairs from one headquarters. Money will flow through the same pipe lines and dividends will go to the same owners, a little more scattered, perhaps, but probably not diminished by a penny.

The profit the people will derive from the supreme court decision will lie in the moral effect. The trusts, after this rebuff to their arrogancy, will sail a good deal closer to the law. They will have more hesitancy in taking chances with the courts. They will have more forethought of the woes they pile up for themselves in the future through the practice of sinning today. The best result of all will be that the interstate corporations will be ready to accept the principle of government regulation. Therein lies both the solution of the trust problem and the salvation of capital.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE TARIFF.

It is generally assumed that Mr. Taft will veto the "free-list" bill and the lower wool bill if they reach him. The President has urged that the slap-dash system of tariff revision be discarded and dependence be placed upon the data of a non-partisan scientific tariff commission. But the Democrats and the senate insurgent Republicans, though admitting the superiority of the newer method, cannot let the opportunity go by for getting Mr. Taft into difficulties. They purpose passing the guesswork measure, and then to stand back and watch the President attempting to decide between what is right and what he thinks the country is willing to accept in lieu of the right.

The "free-list" bill, conceived with the idea of removing the sting of passing the reciprocity bill, is not without merits. It will make little difference in revenues and upon some articles that are included may bring about a marked reduction in prices, though this is disputed. The wool bill of La Follette's writing is 16 per cent higher than that of the Democratic ways and means committee of the house. The Democrats may insist upon their measure going through, not alone because they want the lower duties, but also because they are not inclined to give Mr. La Follette credit they might gather for themselves. Mr. Taft has pronounced the wool schedules "indefensible." Though he will think his tariff board should have a chance, it is very likely that he will take a half-loaf since he cannot get the whole. By signing the hit-and-miss bills and appending some caustic comment upon their origin, he will have lost nothing with the country and will have deprived his political opponents of the chance they crave to hoot and jeer. We suspect that that—in spite of the popular view—will be the course he will take.

FOR TARIFF REVISION.

If a poll taken of the editors of western newspapers by the Chicago Tribune reflects public opinion truly, the policy of tariff revision has not lost favor. The resentment against the Payne-Aldrich law is as bitter as ever. Should congress proceed with a program of readjusting duties, it will have the support of the west.

The Chicago Tribune has demonstrated the value of such a poll as this. The paper was ridiculed for one it made upon the sentiment toward Cannonism. Events proved that it had obtained a very exact expression of the views of the general public. Again when the Tribune sought to learn how the country looked upon the question of Canadian reciprocity, the conclusions proved how hollow had been the display of opposition, how false an echo it had been of popular opinion.

Without doubt tariff revision at this time will tend to aggravate the industrial depression. Business will feel the effect of uncertainties which fluctuating prices, due to tariff agitation, will produce. But it was inevitable that the iniquities of the Payne-Aldrich act were to be dealt with sooner or later. It seems to be the consensus of opinion that true revision should be carried through at this time, however much it may upset business.

EDWIN A. ABBEY.

A Bostonian was showing a stranger the famous Abbey pictures of the public library. As a Bostonian he had the air, of course, of vast superiority.

"These pictures are all right, you know," he said, "but they really aren't art."

"Possibly not," said the stranger. "They rather suggest religion. If it wasn't for the crowd around here I'd get down on my knees and worship them."

The paintings and illustrations of Edwin A. Abbey, who laid down the tools of his craft for the last time, may not have been art of the fastidious critic. We don't pretend to know about that. But they were good pictures. They were pleasing. They were inspiring. They drew admiration. When the wood engravings were going out, the illustrations that Abbey drew were revelations of the wonderful field but just opened up for reproductive processes. The man made artists. He fired ambitions. He kept young men and women true to honest work and though hundreds followed in his steps and became better technicians than he, none of them could command swifter and honester praise. Abbey was an American, the greater part of whose life was spent in England, but he remained American to the end. His memory will be treasured by his fellow countrymen.

Persons who always say the obvious thing are uninteresting.

Neither Japan nor Hobson has signed the international peace agreement.

If there were ghosts they would be found loafing around grade crossings.

President Taft's conduct in office has been a credit to the grand united order of fat men.

We dread to think of the girls having their faces made over to fit the fall style of hats.

The tariff question is never settled. It's a wonder babies don't say "tariff" before they say "goo."

"You brute!" said the woman to the man whose eye got in the way of her hatpin. Why can't men be gentlemen?

A Missouri man was fined for stealing water for a dying man. Is Missouri one of the states that prayed for rain?

A New York woman was so polite to a millionaire he married her. The story doesn't explain how she knew he was a millionaire.

Making thirty-five Standard Oil companies grow where only one grew before looks like a big job, but no doubt it can be done.

Without claiming the gift of prophecy we feel safe in making the prediction that next winter will be a hard one on presidential booms.

Sunday School

BOOKS THAT WILL NOT BURN

International Sunday School Lesson for August 13 Is, "Jehoalkim Burns the Prophet's Book." Jeremiah 36.

By William T. Ellis.

One great day, which grows greater as imagination plays upon it, I stood outside the wall of old Jerusalem and looked upon the scarred red hill which thousands of reverent students of the Bible and of archaeology believe to be the veritable spot upon which the world's Redeemer was crucified. It is a place for long, long thoughts, is Calvary. The ground falls away sheer to an ancient place of refuge. At the bottom, significantly, is the entrance to the caverns known as the grotto of Jeremiah. Underneath Calvary runs the place of the imprisonment of that forerunner of the Messiah, who, like Him, suffered for the city and its people.

Whatever the historicity of Jeremiah's Grotto, and of Gordon's Calvary, the symbolism holds true; the one is built partly upon the other. The greatest of the prophets came suffering in the train of the faithful ones who had gone before; and they shared His Calvary. Jeremiah, of the sword-pierced heart, was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and all be cause he loved his people and his Lord. We do no impiety to the leader of all who loved unto the uttermost when we include in the goodly fellowship of prophets and martys all who give their lives as a ransom for their fellowmen. We are missing the point of this month's study in the life of Jeremiah if we do not set other hearts, and our own as well, aglow with the glory and greatness of the life that is lived for the utterance of God's holy truth for our present time.

The Old Prophet's Stenographer.

There is such a thing as apostolic succession; whatever else the phrase may mean it surely means that they are in succession to the apostles who carry on the apostles' work; and they are in succession to the prophets who continue the message of the prophets. Jesus and His disciples were in direct succession to Jeremiah and the other Old Testament prophets and their disciples. We wonder if Daniel, himself to rank later among the greater prophets, did not get the light for his torch from this flaming Jeremiah, whom he may have known ere he was carried to Babylon?

Baruch, we know of a certainty, stood with Jeremiah, helping him, and so sharing his dangers and privileges. Now Baruch bore no high-sounding title, though of noble family. His office was that of stenographer. He wrote to Jeremiah's dictation—and what his skill and faithfulness meant to the harassed prophet every busy man of affairs who has to learn heavily upon his secretary's assistance can readily understand. The book that was produced went by Jeremiah's name among men, but it really was a partnership affair, like most books; and in this case the real author was God, with Jeremiah and Baruch as collaborators. Great was the young man's privilege—though he doubtless thought oftener of his cares and annoyances and dangers—and great is the privilege of every worker in the production and transmission of a vital message to the world.

Giving Wings to Words.

The modern newspaper and telegraph would have solved Jeremiah's difficulties. He found that an oral delivery of his message was inadequate. His problem was to reach the whole nation as quickly as possible with his warnings from Jehovah. Since he lived in a day when there was no printing press, and no quicker means of communication than that of mouth to ear, he had to write out his words with the help of a scribe, and send them where he could not go himself. He, in the loneliness of seclusion, with Baruch for his intermediary, was to send forth writings that would shake the whole nation.

In this he may be said to have been more up to date than the Christian church of the Twentieth Century. The backwardness of religious agencies in utilizing the facilities of their time is almost incredible. The newspaper, ready purveyor of whatever the public demands, is eager for readable religious news and thought. The church has the greatest message of all time to speak. Yet the newspapers are filled with everything else except an absorbing treatment of this most engrossing of themes. Where are the brains of organized religion? Why is it that an alert Christian man can fill the nation with propaganda, as head of a political press bureau, while the church has no thought of using the same talent for her great single purpose? Even when religious agencies do timidly enter this field it is usually as promoters of some special organization or doctrine. At great and representative Christian gatherings, like the Federation of Churches, this subject is not so much as mentioned; and the same is true of the brotherhood conventions of practical business men. Let it be said that the press, which alone reaches all men in this land, stands ever ready to publish interesting, living, sane and unsectarian religious literature, be it in story, poem, sermon or picture. How Jeremiah's heart would leap at such an opportunity!

The Day's "Best Seller."

Every editor, and every other alert observer of the signs of the times, is well aware that the taste of the great solid, silent public is incurably religious. He knows that the chief staple of the publishing houses, next to fiction, is religious literature, and that religious stories are the most popular of novels. Also he knows that the Book which has steadfastly kept first place as the "best seller" since the art of printing was invented, is the old Bible of which Jeremiah wrote a part, with the help of Baruch the scribe. Figures fail to tell the story. There are now translations of the scriptures into 500 tongues—all the languages and principal dialects spoken by man. Scores of spoken languages have been reduced to writing for the first time in order to give the people the Scriptures. The number of Bibles issued every year is more than 15,600,000 copies. The greatest feats of the publishing art—the richest books, the most variously illustrated and annotated books are performed in connection with the Holy Scriptures. As for readers—little children first learn to lisp its haunting phrases and wisest scholars exhaust their resources in praising the unique merits of the Scriptures. The simple fact that in the Sunday schools of the world more than 25,000,000 persons study this book weekly is worthy of long pondering. Jeremiah and his fellows have been vindicated by time.

When Truth Goes Into the Flames.

The enthusiasm which any friend of the Bible has a right to feel nowadays might not have been shared by Jeremiah, as he learned of the contemptuous way in which King Jehoiakim received and burned his precious roll. By this time the Bible has grown well used to this procedure. Kings and councils and popes and churches have tried to destroy this book. Uncounted thousands of copies of its precious pages have gone into the fire; but only to make a beacon that lights up the world more and more brightly. The burning of Bibles has been as a beacon in the progress of the race. There are no fires yet discovered that can consume the truth.

Men are still trying it. Dr. Ferrer is executed in Spain, students are imprisoned in Russia, and their literature confiscated. India's government suppresses the good along with the bad; Japan is entering upon a reactionary period, in an endeavor to force the new wine of the awakened nation's intellectual life into the old wineskins of idolatry; but everywhere and always this effort is so futile as to be absurd. A high Japanese official told me that the government's course is "idiotic," which is perhaps a stronger word than a foreigner could use in politeness. Yet it needs a vigorous adjective to characterize properly the long procession of authorities, from Jehoaikim down to today, who have tried to suppress or destroy truth.

Men in their madness may destroy themselves upon truth, but they cannot destroy the truth. The familiar adage, "The truth is mighty and must prevail," needs to be here driven into the hearts of all Sunday school scholars as a life conviction. "We can do nothing against the truth, but only for the truth." "The word of our God shall stand forever." Jehoaikims may slash and cut and burn for their little day, but the only result is to promote the production of a larger, cleaner statement of the truth. Baruch's quill is mightier than the king's penknife.

Out of this ancient story should emerge for our own day a new and holy passion for the truth. The glory of suffering and dying, if need be, for the truth—and all truth is God's truth—is to be held aloft as the highest lot and privilege of mortal. The flaming martyr spirit, the Jeremiah spirit, is a better possession than a great store of dollars.

Varieties

The culture of goldfish has been a flourishing industry of China for hundreds of years.

Powdered pumice applied with wash leather will remove finger marks from books.

J. Pierpont Morgan has offered $1,000,000 for the relics of an ancient throne in Austria.

China produces about one-half of the world's tea consumption of 200,000,000 pounds.

The most valuable penny ever coined in Great Britain was the gold penny of Henry III.

Madrid is having its first experience with shops corresponding to our 5-and-10-cent stores.

On April 15 there were in the United States 51,638,590 sheep, of which 7,071,24 were in the south.

The world's herd of swine numbers 100,000,000, two-fifths of which belong to the United States.

The best safeguard against infectious diseases is to keep both mind and body in a healthy condition.

The present method of manufacturing lime was known and practiced at least as early as 713 B. C.

Taunton, the herring city of Massachusetts, is a great Mecca for excursionists during the "run."

Projectiles fired even from the heaviest guns, when they penetrate concrete, do without splintering it.

There are 110,000 telephones in use in Japan at the present time, and the number is rapidly increasing.

While Amsterdam is the diamond center of the world, these gems are not generally worn by the natives.

Trees, for some reason, resolutely refuse to grow in the city of Thorshaven, the capital of the Faroe Islands.

Carbon deposits which blacken a gas mantle can be removed by burning a little common salt on the burner.

An unmarried woman has been elected cashier of the Bay Side (N. Y.) national bank at a salary of $2,500 a year.

Receipts of virgin gold average $1,000,000 a month under normal conditions at the assay office of Seattle.

Over 120,000 tons of pebbles are annually picked up on the Normandy beaches. Most of them are sent abroad.

Bringing with them $1,000,000, 3,000 new settlers, mostly from England, located in Nova Scotia last year.

The board of customs and excise will in future prohibit the importation of cardboard tokens made in imitation of coins.

Before the day of steel for writing purposes, England was importing more than 25,000,000 quills each year for pens.

Mrs. Philip Carpenter, a prominent club woman, is the first woman lawyer to win a case before the court of appeals in New York.

Submarine vessels now have a wireless apparatus, which is able to send and receive messages within a radius of 50 miles.

There are 1,850 electrical works and central stations in Germany in addition to more than 45,000 private plants.

The wealth of the Rothschilds is put at $2,000,000,000. This is four times the probable wealth of all the Rockefellers.

If a bill now before the French chamber of deputies passes none but gunsmiths will hereafter be allowed to sell pistols of any kind.

While the United States was a little slow in getting started in the automobile business, there are many who claim that we now lead.

A Halstead (Kas.) man has some Scotch collie pups for sale and advertises in the Independent: "Guaranteed to bite or money refunded."

Recent experiments in France have shown that natural turf is an excellent material from which to form beds for filtering sewage.

A school of aviation is being operated at Pekin by the Chinese aviator Fuz-Yu, who spent a number of years in the United States.

Aeroplanes and balloons were exported last year from England to the value of $274,000. Very few have been exported from the United States.

A factory is to be started on the Thames at Barking, for the extraction of rubber from the latex of the Castilli trees which are so prolific in Natal.

In London the council passed an ordinance recently forbidding pigeons to fly at large, and the marshal is at a loss to know how to enforce it.

Great Britain's chicken flock numbers 37,000,000 and the agricultural board of that country says it should be three times that number.

France has established the first automobile club for women. The membership is open only to women who have given unquestionable proof of their fitness.

The Chinese water buffaloes, which turn the wheels of the machines used for raising water for irrigation purposes, are blindfolded to prevent dizziness.

During the summer an experiment is being made in the British museum in the direction of providing an official guide to conduct visitors round the collections.

Built in the year 700, the manse belonging to Count Matuschke, at Winfel-on-the-Rhine, Germany, is believed to be the oldest inhabited house in existence.

Spain's foreign purchases are represented by a comparatively small number of articles, principally coal, oil, petroleum, codfish, raw cotton and wheat.

Camphor production in Florida is practical and can be made profitable. Successful experiments by the United States department of agriculture warrant this conclusion.

If Frau Woerner could have her way in Germany, for every boy drafted into the army there would be a girl drafted for compulsory housework in a school of housewives.

In addition to 1,255 gas undertakings in England, there were last year 17 British companies owning gas works on the European continent and in other parts of the world.

To economize on ushers a New York moving picture theatre has installed small incandescent lamps on the backs of the seats arranged to burn only when a seat is unoccupied.

Churches of North Carolina are confronted with an important problem, social as well as religious, in the cotton mill operatives. These number 75,000, the largest in any state.

The estimated population of Brazil now 20,500,000, but no census has ever been taken of this vast country and to take one would be a work of almost insurmountable difficulties.

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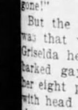

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LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Greek Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safe. It relieves some of the longest, most obstinate abnormal cases in 3 to 6 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. M. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

SECRETS FOR WOMEN in our catalog of RUBBER NECESSITIES, TOILET SUPPLIES. Send 2c stamp. Fairbank Supply House, 43-60 Wabash Av., Chicago

9 DOGS WHERE HE LEFT ONE

Eight Puppies Come to Griselds During Stay in Pound.

New York, August 4.—Two days ago Hector Bond, dog catcher of Lynbrook, L. I., took into custody the pet of Mrs. W. J. Farrington, the name of which is Griselda. Mrs. Farrington went to the pound yesterday ready to pay $2 for a license and a $1 fee to the poundmaster. Bond went in to bring Griselda forth. He stopped short and gasped.

"Dawggone!" he gasped. "Dawggone!"

But the dog wasn't gone. The fact was that where he had left only Griselda he found nine dogs. Griselda barked gayly to show her pride in her eight puppies. But now Bond sits with head on hand, thinking. May he charge Mrs. Farrington only for Griselda or for Griselda and family?

I'll Rid You of Your Asthma

I Will Send You A Free Trial Of My Treatment To Prove Its Wonderful Effects.

For years and years, thousands of sufferers have been following the beaten path in the treatment of Asthma,—and they are still gasping and clutching for breath.

Quick Relief With My Treatment. Try It And Prove It.

The ordinary so-called "remedies" are but habitual failures. I have tried them all. I am a physician. Day and night for years I almost felt as if the hand of death was clutching at my throat, and that every breathless struggle would be my last.

I exhausted medical books in a vain search for a cure. At last I discovered my own treatment, used it, and if an angel had come and carried me suddenly aloft I could not have been more surprised at its results.

I ask no asthma sufferer to believe me. I am known only by my works. I want to prove to you that this treatment not only actually cures, but cures permanently. I do not ask a cent. All you have to do is to send me your name and address and I will send you a free trial treatment of my asthma remedy, as quick as the mail can bring it to you.

Send your letter to me, Dr. W. K. Walrath, Box 127, Adams, New York. Friends, I want to rescue you from those blood-curdling, "smothered-alive" spasms forever. Will you let me prove I can do it? Not only asthma but hay fever and bronchitis disappear gloriously by the use of the treatment. Write me today.

PAYS 25 YEARS ON $30

Cincinnati Veteran Tells Story of Loan Company.

Cincinnati, August 7.—Fred Meyer, 68, Civil war soldier and former policeman, says he was caught in the net of a loan shark 25 years ago, when he borrowed $30 and agreed to pay back $5 interest every three months until the debt was canceled. For 25 years he has been forced to pay $5 every three months, he says, making a total of $500 paid in. And still the original $30 is not paid up.

Meyer, who receives a pension, was in the downtown section one day, a quarter of a century ago, and lost $30. He did not want his wife to know he had lost the money, he says, so he went to a loan broker and borrowed $30. He says he signed a paper that called for the payment of $5 interest every three months, until the debt was canceled, and that since then he has paid the money without informing any member of his family.

He says the $20 a year was paid out of his pension. His family found out a few days ago that he owed some money and asked him how long he had been paying into the loan office. Then he said that he had been paying a quarter of a century. His son-in-law and daughters called upon a lawyer and he advised them to file suit at once.

BLASTS KERMIT'S LOVE DREAM

Miss Rutherford's Engagement Ends Romance of Ex-President's Son.

Paris, August 7.—The young love dream of Kermit Roosevelt, son of the ex-President, has turned to be no more than a dream, according to the American colony here, where the engagement has just been announced of Miss Margaret Rutherford and Ogden Mills.

A year or so ago young Roosevelt was the recognized suitor of Miss Rutherford and their engagement was taken as a matter of course. Kermit tarried long in Paris after he came out of the African jungle with his father and Miss Rutherford was the cause. He had hardly returned to New York when suddenly he was drawn back to Paris and again Miss Rutherford was the magnet.

It seems, however, that the girl's mother, Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, did not approve the match and took her daughter to Switzerland.

FINE WIRE TRUST HEAD $45,000

New York, August 5.—Edward E. Jackson, Jr., the New York attorney termed by the prosecution the "head and brains" of the wire trust, was fined $45,000 today upon his plea of nolo contendere to nine indictments charging him with the formation of wire pools. Judge Archbald imposed a fine of $5,000 on each indictment after denying the plea of United States District Attorney Wise for a prison sentence.

PARALLEL TO THE DIETZ CASE

Pine Barrens Settler, in Swamp, Fights Sheriff's Posse.

Wausaukee, Wis., August 7.—The little settlement of Long Lake, in the pine barrens of this county, is the center of a repetition of the Dietz case.

Julius Goll, a homesteader, is fighting the officials who are trying to arrest him for an attack and alleged robbery of a cattle salesman. The homesteader has been driven from his home and eventual escape is impossible, as he is hidden in a swamp surrounded by the sheriff and his posse. The sheriff, A. E. Schwittay, was slightly wounded by a bullet and the district attorney was also wounded, neither seriously.

HAITIEN REFUGEES HAVE GOLD

Son of President Simon in New York With Boxes of It.

New York, August 7.—Antoine Simon, son of the deposed president of Haiti, with six officials of the republic, who fled from the troubles there, came into port today on board the steamer Allemania from Port-au-Prince. Simon and his friends brought with them a number of boxes of gold, which were locked in the steamer's safe. The value of the gold was not learned by the passengers. The party is on its way to Paris. General Monplaisir, the minister of war of Haiti, embarked on the Allemania at Port-au-Prince, but landed at Juagua. Evans R. Dick, the New York broker, who sold his yacht American to Haiti, was a passenger on the Allemania.

CHOLERA DEATHS 223 IN 6 DAYS

Statistics From Italy Shows That the Disease Exists.

Chiasso, Switzerland, August 3.—An official communication from the Italian government shows that from July 21 to July 26, inclusive, cholera cases were recorded as follows: Naples, 68 cases and 20 deaths; province of Naples, 157 cases and 78 deaths; towns of Palermo, 130 cases, 64 deaths; province of Palermo, 75 cases and 38 deaths; province of Avellino, 7 cases and 3 deaths; province of Benevento, 3 cases, no deaths; Caltanissetta, 11 cases and 4 deaths; province of Campobasso, 5 cases and 2 deaths; province of Caserta, 30 cases and 14 deaths.

BLACK HANDS BLOW UP STORE

Destroy Three-Story Building When Refused Toll.

Pittsburg, August 7.—Because John Sparano, a wealthy Italian merchant of Aliquippa, Pa., refused to comply with the demands of a "Black Hand" letter and place $2,000 where it would readily be found, the three-story building in which his store was located was blown to pieces by a heavy charge of dynamite today. The loss is $20,000.

DEMOCRATS SEE DEFEAT COMING

Congressmen Think Reapportionment Bill Gives Ohioans Little Show.

Washington, August 5.—The Ohio Democrats are greatly wrought up over the passage of the Burton amendments to the reapportionment bill, which will prevent gerrymandering. Not only is it most probable that a Republican congressman will be elected at large in Ohio, but a number of the Democrats who skinned through in Republican districts will have to run again in the same districts.

It is generally believed that Ralph Cole, former congressman from the Eighth district, will become a candidate at large for congress, and if he does the Democrats are almost ready to concede the victory to him. Cole is one of the best campaigners in the state and is keeping his hand in by delivering a course of Chautauqua lectures.

Of course, Governor Harmon could fix things up all right by calling an extra session of the legislature to gerrymander the state, but the Ohio Democrats entertain little hope of his doing so. Even if he did call an extra session there would be no assurances that a gerrymander bill would be passed because of the ambitions of a number of state senators who want to come to Washington and who could not agree to any gerrymander which would not give them a district where they could have a chance of election.

Representatives Rathrick, Bulkley, Francis, White, Post, Claypool and Whitacre, all of whom carried normally Republican districts last fall, are down in the mouth over the prospects.

Sharp and Denver, both of whom have carried Republican districts twice, are satisfied, but Allen of Cincinnati, whose district could be very easily made Democratic by the switching of a few wards, gets the worst of the deal.

SLIGHTLY DAMAGED BIBLES AT SACRIFICE PRICES.

I had the misfortune to have several hundred Protestant and Catholic Bibles slightly damaged in transit. The damage is so slight it would take an expert to detect it, and yet I do not propose to put out anything to my trade that is not absolutely first-class, without making due explanation. Bibles such as these have never been sold for less than $5.00 and frequently have sold at $7.50 and $10.00. They are beautifully bound in leather with gilt edges, and are known as the **Self-Pronouncing New Illuminated Bible.** They contain marginal references, a concordance and over 800 illustrations.

The Catholic Bibles are the authorized Douay Version, bound in Limp Russia Leather.

My Proposition.

Send me $1.34 and I will send you by express, charges prepaid, your choice of either a Protestant or Catholic Bible, with the understanding that if found unsatisfactory same can be returned and money refunded.

W. H. REDWIN, 510 THE ARCADE Cleveland, Ohio.

The editor of The Blade knows this concern to be thoroughly trustworthy and reliable.

WINSTED SETS A NEW MARK

Remember the False Teeth? Fish Brings 'Em Back.

Winstead, Conn., August 7.—Dennis Coffey's friend's teeth, which were lost in Highland lake this week, were recovered in an unusual manner. While Dr. M. J. Arthur, a dentist from New York, was sitting on the veranda of a cottage, he heard a faint cry and he made out the word "Doctor."

The sound seemed to come from the lake directly in front of the cottage. Going down to the water's edge he discovered a huge German carp, which seemed to be in distress. The fish did not apepar frightened as the doctor approachd, but tried to get up on the bank. Then he saw a set of false teeth protruding from the fish's mouth. The doctor quickly extracted the teeth, which proved to be those lost a few days before.

Relating his experience, the doctor said the fish was "the most grateful patient he ever had, for it actually wiggled its tail and even went so far as to caress his hand to show its gratitude. The fish has made a half dozen calls on the doctor since, and he is trying to teach it English.

PLATONIC AFFINITY A RIGHT?

Court to Decide if Husband Has Right to Her.

Philadelphia, August 7.—Has a married man a right to platonic affinity, to a friendship with another woman that is nothing, nothing more than a friendship?

The courts here are soon to decide.

Mrs. Walter D. Lebrenz, who until eight months ago was the beautiful Miss Sarah Belle Hall, prominent in Philadelphia society, has brought an action for divorce.

Mr. Lebrenz told all about it today.

"I had a real good young woman friend before I was married," he explained. "I continued the acquaintance until after my marriage and am continuing it even now. My wife calls my woman friend 'my platonic affinity' and that name just fits her.

"Our friendship is purely platonic; there is nothing wrong about it, and why on earth Mrs. Lebrenz should call my insistence upon keeping that friendship 'cruel and barbarous treatment' is more than I can say.

"If my wife wanted me at any time I was at her beck and call," he continued. "I never neglected her for my other friend, but these two women just couldn't get along."

NOTED WOMAN LAWYER DEAD

Mrs. Belle Mansfield Was First of Sex in Federal Practice.

Chicago, August 3.—Mrs. Belle A. Mansfield, 65 years old, the first woman ever admitted to the practice of law in the United States, died at the home of her brother, Judge W. J. Babb, of Aurora, early yesterday morning.

Mrs. Mansfield was admitted to the Iowa bar in 1868, two years after she had graduated from the Iowa Wesleyan university.

Mrs. Mansfield was widely known as an educator. At the time of her death she was the dean of the college of art at Depauw university at Green Castle, Ind., while for years she held the chair of political science at Iowa Wesleyan university.

Arden, Refuge of Poetry, Socialism, Anarchy

ARDEN is the spot where everything is printed in obsolete English, where everything is done according to the enlightened ways of the times to come and where the only notice needed is to not scatter poems and other rubbish on the grass. There is a distinct atmosphere of verse about Arden. After a brief visit there one brings away with him a confused impression of poems, bloomers, sneakers, chickens, dogs, bungalows and theories.

As everyone knows, thanks to the little incident which landed Upton Sinclair and nine other Ardenites in jail for Sabbath breaking, Arden is the single tax colony in Delaware. As a matter of fact, it numbers about 300 souls—souls is not too strong a word, either, by any means. If you have not a great deal of soul you are not likely to settle down in Arden. Soul is essential to an Ardenite just as surely as feathers are needful to a chicken or as whiskers the essential to a cat. It is one way by which you can tell a real Ardenite from a countryman as you meet him on the road.

You leave the train at Harvey, between Philadelphia and Wilmington, and there start for Arden on foot. After passing a few Ardenites and also a few ordinary country persons on the road, you come, by a pleasant walk of half a mile, to Arden itself. No mistaking the place, for it has a nice wooden gateway, rustic style, with an inscription over it: "You Are Welcome Hither." "Hither," by the way, is poetic license, and means "here."

The sign encourages you to walk right in. Several little dogs will at this point probably run up to you and look you over. But do not be anxious. They do not growl and bite. They have caught the spirit of the single tax colony. They are the dogs of the future, the happy time to come, when single tax and other improvements will have done away with the tramp, the dog's natural prey, and Fido's chief use as a watch dog will be to wag the tail of welcome at the passerby instead of flashing the fangs of vigilance at him.

As you notice these things, you follow the path through a grove and into the open land beyond, which is covered with bungalows of all descriptions. These are the houses that the Ardenites have put up on the land, which they rent for themselves, on ingenious 99-year leases, carefully got up after the single tax theory. Most of the bungalows are of the lowest possible sort—one story and roof. But others run as high as two stories and a half or so. They abound in stone rubble, rough slabs and leaded glass windows and have an antique and soulful look.

First of all, find some kind soul, resting between his or her labors at writing poems, painting pictures or the like, that you may ask him a question or two about the place. It is plain that brain-workers require a lot of recreation, for quantities of them are to be found playing tennis, rehearsing for an amateur circus or otherwise similarly engaged, and many more are standing around, looking on.

Ask what the big lawn in the center of the settlement is for. That is common, you will learn; the village green, on which the villagers disport themselves and gambol about. The favorite gambol would appear to be tennis, with baseball a close second. Hard by the common, at one corner of it a small bungalow labelled Club House is full of villagers sitting and standing about.

The impression gained from a morning visit, made at Arden on Thursday, was that it would be a very entertaining place for a few days. After that, unless one had soul, the locality might begin to pall. This aroused an interesting curiosity as to why the 300 Ardenites inhabiting the eighty bungalows wanted to live there all the time.

Upon Sinclair was the first man to put the question to, of course. The writer of the Jungle was found sitting on his porch, with his chair tilted back against the rain barrel. A sign "For Sale" on his bungalow suggested one possible reason why he was still in Arden. But Sinclair himself gave reasons quite other.

The writer cheerfully greeted his visitor, laying down the morning newspapers containing the accounts of his incarceration in the workhouse at Wilmington for playing tennis on Sunday.

"Why do I live in Arden?" he asked, meditatively repeating the question to himself. "Well, because it has all the advantages of Helicon Hall without the disadvantages. Arden is not liable to burn down and I don't have to manage it, as I did have to manage Helicon Hall."

For one thing there was perfect freedom, said Sinclair. There was a sentimental rule against hunting and fishing, to be sure, but he approved that. To tell the truth, morover, Arden does not look as if there were much game on it except the chickens kept by one of the colonists for the purpose of supplying the settlement at a moderate price with eggs and broilers. About the only other rule, Sinclair added, was that residents had to keep their placers reasonably trim and clean.

Furthermore; said the writer, he was a believer in the single tax principle, being both a single taxer and a Socialist. He had hopes that, Delaware being a small state, the single tax system would get a good start there, and eventually Delaware might perhaps become one big Arden.

Furthermore, his rent was only $10.50 a year, and there were two fairly good tennis courts, and he found that he could work well in these surroundings.

There was no need to ask the lady who raised chickens, over on the other side of the common from Sinclair's place, why she stayed in Arden. Her chicken yard looked fairly prosperous, and the atmosphere of Arden, she intimated, agreed just as well with the work of hens as it did with that of her author neighbors.

A stroll about Arden brought the visitor face to face next with a gentleman with a gray beard, eyeglasses, no necktie, khaki trousers and no shoes or stockings. He was Dr. Moore, chief of the Arden board of health. His answers were very laconic and to the point.

"I'm here because I lost my health. Lost my money, too. So I came here." The medical man was tanned a fine brown on his cheeks as well as his toes. He looked as if he had recovered his health at any rate.

Arden is said to have twelve poetesses. Some of them break into The Printer's columns pretty often. Others almost never. One of them, seeing that she is a good steady subscriber, is allowed to have one poem published during each and every calendar year. There was no need asking the poetesses of Arden why they haunted its glades.

But the Ardenites are not all fame seekers. They all acquire renown, to be sure; but to some of them that means little. For instance, there is Frank Brown, Arden's leading anarchist. Frank Brown has caused more excitement in the colony than all the poets put together. Listen to the chronicle of his doings in Arden, and you will realize why he is wedded to life there; he can make more trouble in Arden than he could in the biggest of cities.

Now, by trade, Brown, is a shoemaker. He is an Englishman by birth. He lives in Arden with his wife and son, and goes every day to a shoe factory in Philadelphia. It is terrible to think how miserable he might make the Ardenites if he could give his whole time to the task. As it is, he has to carry on the good work after hours. He lives in a rather disjointed cabin in the woods, away from the rest of the settlers. He built the place with his own hands

It is tucked away among the leaves, and the other Arden folk think it looks like the villa of a primeval man. But they exaggerate just a little.

When Brown first came to the colony he started in by talking anarchy at the town meetings held every Saturday night. This annoyed the socialists and single taxers greatly. There were only three or four anarchists at the meetings in all, and it really seemed unfair that they should have the floor at those meetings for three-quarters of the time, while 60 or 80 of the majority were waiting to speak. The steam roller was tried on Brown, but he would not mind the chairman and his voice was strong.

Brown soon thought of something better, however, than pestering the meetings. The single taxers got up a pageant, intended to show single tax as an outcome of the ancient English land tenure system. It was held on the big green one day a few weeks ago. A lord and lady of the manor, in antique costumes, received the rents of a lot of single taxers costumed as rich burghers, well-to-do farmers and so on. Brown was not invited to take part, but he did not wait for an invitation. He fitted himself up to suit the part of a starving beggar, asking alms. He rushed into the middle of the pageant proceedings and threw himself at the feet of the lord and lady of the manor. The show was spoiled, the single taxers had to admit.

After that the colony was so angry with Brown that it took advantage of some remarks made by him in the town meeting to vote him out of all gatherings in the future.

Brown waited his chance. At the next meeting he came in and started to orate. They had to adjourn the meeting. Brown cheerfully remarked that he would compel them to adjourn all meetings unless they would let him speak. In self-defence the Ardenites went to law. They had Brown sent to the workhouse for five days for breaking the peace.

On leaving prison Brown promptly prepared to get even. He got in touch with the constables and on the following Sunday he had Sinclair and the nine other Ardenites arrested for breaking the law by playing games on Sunday. They all went to jail for it, and at latest accounts the score is distinctly in favor of Brown. Quite natural that he likes Arden, isn't it?

INSULT TO DECENCY SAYS RECTOR OF ASTOR WEDDING

Philadelphia, August 7.—The Rev. Geo. Chalmers Richmond, of St. John's Episcopal church, in a sermon entitled "The Coming Astor Wedding, and What the Episcopal Church Thinks About It," declared that John Jacob Astor would be able to find only one Episcopal clergyman in America or England who would perform his wedding ceremony.

"The Episcopal church," he said, "is opposed to divorce. We scorn unholy alliances, both among the poor of our slums and the rich society dwellers of Newport, Bar Harbor and other summer resorts. We abhor this Astor alliance. It is unholy in its origin.

"So today I denounce from my pulpit this coming Astor wedding. It's an outrage on common decency. It arouses all our moral anger. It's contrary to our canons, and Mr. Astor will be socially ostracized by the best people the minute he contracts the bargain.

"It's a marriage of convenience. Astor wants another beauty. The poor, weak girl of 18 or 20 wants a rich society fellow whose autos, yachts and opera boxes will afford her a chance for social exploitation. Our girls and women are money mad. Lucre rules on the avenues of the smart set.

"New York's '400' means today 'Sodom.' So to rule the smart set means to manage gambling parties, to run dances and to figure in divorce court proceedings every year or two.

"Thank God money no longer rules our church. It did once. There was a time when the Episcopal church gave her blessing to Fifth avenue Sodomites and Newport marriage speculators with a free hand."

HAITI'S PRESIDENT SAILS TO EXILE AS NORD ALEXIS DID

Port-au-Prince, August 4.—General Antoine Simon sailed last night for Kingston, Jamaica, the refuge of Haiti's fallen heroes, as the warship 17 December, which took its name from the day that he was unanimously elected president of the black republic, boomed a doleful farewell.

He follows in the wake of Nord Alexis, whom he overthrew in the last month of 1908, and he leaves the capital in the possession of General Cincinnatus Leconte, whom he had driven into exile with his deposed chief, and General Antenor Firmin, a rival for the presidency, whom he placated by sending him as minister to Cuba.

Was Country's Savior.

So the wheel has gone round. Nord Alexis ruled for six years. On December 3, 1908, Simon, then at the height of his popularity, led an overwhelming revolutionary army into Port au Prince and was everywhere proclaimed as a savior of the country from tyranny. He appeared to have the country united behind him. Nord Alexis, who had found safety on the French cruiser Duguay Trouin later boarded the German steamer Sarnia and proceeded to Kingston, where, embittered against his countrymen, he died in the spring of 1910. To the last he refused to admit that he could understand the hostility of the people.

"They always cheered me when I appeared in the streets," he was wont to say mournfully, "and I have always labored for their good."

RILEY'S FIRST POEM COMES TO LIGHT AFTER MANY YEARS

Washington, August 5.—A copy of James Whitcomb Riley's first poem—or what purports to be his first poem—together with a circumsiantial account of how it came to be written, is in the possession of Charles Dewey Hilles, secretary to the President. It came in the mail one day recently, and the members of the Washington-Indiana colony are especially interested in it. It is to be found in none of Riley's books, having been omitted because of its strictly personal character. It is dedicated to the memory of Hamilton J. Dunbar, who died at Greenfield, Ind., September 5, 1876. It runs as follows:

Dead! Dead! Dead!
We thought him ours alone;
And none so proud to see him tread
The rounds of fame, and lift his head
Where sunlight ever shone;
But now our aching eyes are dim,
And look thro' tears in vain for him!

Name! Name! Name!
It was his diadem;
Nor ever tarnish, taint of shame,
Could dim its lustre; like a flame
Reflected in a gem,
He wears it blazing on his brow
Within the courts of Heaven now!

Tears! Tears! Tears!
Like dews upon the leaf
That burst at last, from out the years,
The blossom of a trust appears
That blooms above the grief;
And mother, brother, wife and child
Will see it and be reconciled.

In 1876, the account runs, James Whitcomb Riley was 23 years old, a sign painter, and, generally speaking, a "handy boy" about the town in which he was born and brought up. Dunbar was one of Greenfield's best beloved citizens. Riley idolized him. Henry A. Buchtel, the Methodist Episcopal pastor then at Knightstown—later governor of Colorado—was asked to conduct the funeral service at the Dunbar home. Riley sat next to the Rev. Buchtel as he stood at the head of the coffin to preach on immortality and to eulogize the life and character of the departed.

Twenty years later Riley said to Buchtel: "When the service was over I went home and wrote a poem on Ham. Dunbar and sent it to the Indianapolis Journal, and the literary people said: 'A poet has arrived.' And that was the first poem I ever wrote that gave me an idea that I could be something else than a sign painter. So I always associate you," Riley said to Buchtel, "with the first poem I ever wrote."

STRONGER THAN MEAT.

A Judge's Opinion of Grape-Nuts.

A gentleman who has acquired a judicial turn of mind from experience on the bench out in the Sunflower State writes a carefully considered opinion as to the value of Grape-Nuts as food. He says:

"For the past 5 years Grape-Nuts has been a prominent feature in our bill of fare.

"The crisp food with the delicious, nutty flavour has become an indispensable necessity in my family's everyday life.

"It has proved to be most healthful and beneficial, and has enabled us to practically abolish pastry and pies from our table, for the children prefer Grape-Nuts and do not crave rich and unwholesome food.

"Grape-Nuts keeps us all in perfect physical condition—as a preventive of disease it is beyond value. I have been particularly impressed by the beneficial effects of Grape-Nuts when used by ladies who are troubled with face blemishes, skin eruptions, etc. It clears up the complexion wonderfully.

"As to its nutritive qualities, my experience is that one small dish of Grape-Nuts is superior to a pound of meat for breakfast, which is an important consideration for anyone. It satisfies the appetite and strengthens the power of resisting fatigue, while its use involves none of the disagreeable consequences that sometimes follow a meat breakfast." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

MAIL ORDER MARKET

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line, count seven words to a line. Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than twenty-one lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

FREE—"Investing for Profit" Magazine. Send me your name, and I will mail you this magazine absolutely free. Before you invest a dollar anywhere, get this magazine—it is worth $10 a copy to any man who intends to invest $5.00 or more per month. Tell you how $1,000 can grow to $22,000. How to judge different classes of investments, the real power of our money. This magazine six months free, if you write today. H. L. Barber, Publisher, R-407, 28 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

MALE HELP WANTED.

LEARN TO WRITE advertisements, you can positively earn $25 to $100 per week. Prospectus sent free. Page-Davis Co., 13 Page bldg., Chicago.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—Mail Clerks, Carriers, Clerks at Washington, D. C., $800 to $1,200 yearly. September examinations everywhere. Preparation free. Write for schedule. Franklin Institute, Dept. M-32, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR SALE—FARMS.

FARM and fruit lands for sale near Battle Creek, Mich., 20 to 100 acre tracts, price from $40.00 to $100.00 per acre. Write H. H. Batdorff, 220 Ward Blk., Battle Creek, Mich., for particulars.

MUST sell 80 acres land near Gayville, S. Dak. House, barn, crib, artesian well, etc.; extremely fertile soil. Big crop this year. Cheap at $65. Similar land selling nearby at $25 more. Write today. H. W. Best, Vermillion, S. Dak.

AGENTS.

AGENTS—Something new in door plates and glass signs. Make them yourselves. No painting. No delays. We furnish everything. Big profits. Write for particulars. Eastern Specialty Co., 63 Barclay St., New York.

AGENTS—$25 per week. Every Auto needs it. Owners want it. Large profits. Illustrated booklet, Irwin Specialty Co., 407 Woodlawn, Springfield, O.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COUNTY warrants for sale; good, safe investment for your idle money. Smithpeter, Grove, Ok.

BUSHEL CRATES for farmers and shipping produce. Get our prices. S. Y. Beeler, Great Valley, N. Y.

MEDICAL.

DANDRUFF, itching, eczema, hair, teeth; lightning remedy, 50c and $1. Consultation free. Dr. Chance, Sykes Blk., Minneapolis, Minn.

TOBACCO HABIT.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED or No Cost— Harmless home treatment of roots and herbs. Sure, pleasant, permanent. Send your name now. Ni-Ko Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

PERSONAL.

LADIES—When delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

MARRY—Many wealthy, both sex, will marry, wonderful results. Particulars Free. Reliable Club, 56, Box 26, Oakland, Cal.

WANTED—More advertisers to know that TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE is a big business getter. Use its columns every issue and get big results. Advertising rates reasonable, circulation guaranteed. Address, Weekly Blade, Toledo, O.

A five-line advertisement, same size and style as the above, will cost only **$3.00** for one insertion in the

Mail Order Market Column of

The Toledo Weekly Blade

You can place your proposition in a **Quarter Million Homes,** from Maine to California, and before over a **Million Readers** every week.

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MAIL ORDER MARKET.

Figure 7 words to a line, each line costing 60c. Send cash with order. Address your letter to Toledo Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Gentlemen—I enclose copy of an advertisement to measure..... lines, which I desire you to insert in the MAIL ORDER MARKET. I am sending remittance of $..... to cover the cost of same.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State.....

WAVE BREAKS WOMAN'S LEG

Strange Mishap to Feminine Bather in the Ocean.

Atlantic City, N. J., August 4.—By one of the most peculiar mishaps that has ever occurred along the beach front, Mrs. Theresa Hanley, of Philadelphia, sustained a fractured leg while bathing at the foot of Illinois avenue. With a party of friends, Mrs. Hanley stood waist deep in the surf, and, carried from her feet by a wave of unusual height and force, she disappeared with a cry of pain.

Her companions shouted with glee at what they believed was nothing more serious than a ducking, but they hurried to her aid when the face of Mrs. Hanley reappeared showing signs of great pain. She was hurried to the hospital tent, where it was found that her leg was fractured, and she was sent to the City hospital.

INDIANA VALUES $1,959,618,320

Indianapolis, Ind., August 5.—Figures compiled by Fred A. Sims, of the state board of tax commissioners, show the total valuation of all property in the state to amount to $1,959,618,320. The total polls amounted to $446,147.

FAT IS FATAL

Fat is fatal to Health, Comfort, Happiness and often fatal to Life

Let me send you a trial treatment FREE OF CHARGE. You can get rid of your fat safely, surely and quickly

What my treatment has accomplished in hundreds of cases. It will help you! Try it!

E. A. Richards, Ex-Mayor of Holly Hill, Fla., says: "Your treatment cured me permanently. It has been two years since I stopped taking it and have not regained a pound. It also cured my Dyspepsia and I now enjoy the best of health."

Rev. Mary Kimball, 112 S. Jackson St., Janesville, Wis., says: "Before I took your treatment I was subject to violent choking fits and my friends were often afraid I would choke to death. Your treatment has cured all this and reduced my waist six inches and my hips eight inches. My garments are all so large they seem as if made for another woman."

Mrs. John Bye, Fairmont, Nebr., says: "Your treatment has reduced my weight from 203 pounds to 145 pounds and has also wonderfully improved my general health. I can do my housework now without pain or the smothering spells I used to have. My husband says it is worth $1,000 to him and the children since I used your Kressilo Treatment."

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

I have had such wonderful success with my method of reducing superfluous fat that I have decided to offer for a limited time—**free trial treatments.** Hundreds of testimonials on file show that my treatment **takes off fat at the rate of 5 to 7 pounds a week** and what is more, that the fat **does not return** when the treatment is finished. No person is so fat but what it will have the desired effect, no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without starving, exercising or in any way interfering with your customary habits. My treatment is endorsed by physicians, because of its easy, natural elimination of abnormal flesh and its beneficial effect on the whole system. Perfectly harmless; easy and quick results. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart Troubles leave as fat is reduced. **Don't take my word for this; I will prove it at my own expense.** Write to-day for free trial treatment and illustrated booklet on the subject; it costs you nothing. Address Dr. J. Spillenger, Dept. 1917 E, 72 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Editor's Note: Dr. Spillenger is well known as a successful Obesity Specialist and any statements he makes can be absolutely relied upon. He is licensed and registered by the State of New York.

SUSPENDS PRIEST WHO WED

Bishop Acts Summarily on Violator of Church Laws.

Scranton, Pa., August 4.—Bishop Francis Hodur, head of the Independent Polish National Church of America, has issued an order suspending the Rev. Joseph Zilonko, of Baltimore, one of the priests of the church, for marrying contrary to its laws. Simultaneously he issued a call for a special session of the synod to meet here in October. Father Zilonko formerly was stationed at Salisbury, Mo., where in 1907 he married.

RUSS PAPER WARNS BRITAIN

St. Petersburg, August 4.—The Novoe Vremya, the government organ, yesterday says that Anglo-Russian relations would be disturbed by the appointment, as rumored, of Maj. C. B. Stokes, the British military attache at Teheran, as head of an expedition against the deposed shah, Mohammed Ali Mirza.

Russia and Great Britain, the paper says, should not interfere in the internal affairs of Persia.

The Peace Page.

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH AYRES

THE BLADE BOOK

By BLADE WRITERS

"THAT SUNDAY IN JUNE."

By Captain Jack of Georgia.

DEAR Blade—About three years ago, I was stationed with a battalion of soldiers, some 20 miles from anywhere. I do not suppose any of you know where that is, but I can very correctly describe our camp, by saying it was the lonesomest, roughest, most out-of-the-way place I have ever seen. It had nothing but woods, small streams, snakes and chiggers. I remember the chiggers vividly, for they have kept me awake many a night, after a long hard day of drilling and rifle practice.

Well, one morning I decided to go somewhere, or get lost in the attempt. It was a Sunday morning, a lovely day in June, when I mounted my horse, and started along the first road I came to, after leaving camp. Everything around me looked lovely with the trees in their dresses of dark green, and flowers of every description everywhere. I let my horse have his own way, while I sat in the saddle, thinking and dreaming. Oh, yes, soldiers have their dreams as well as other folks. Sometimes it is dreams of a promotion, sometimes of a lassie, perhaps many miles away, but often it is a heart-felt wish that the cook would change the menu once a month, anyway. I do not know what my thoughts were of that June morning, but I know I was brought back to every day life very suddenly, by a voice shouting, "Whoa, Bet, what air ye about?"

I turned and saw a heavy farm wagon with two mules hitched to it, a farmer and his wife and a daughter, about 17 years old, sitting on a chair in the wagon. The mule he addressed as "Bet," was trying to sit down in the traces and get her back feet into the wagon, at the same time. I rode up and quieted her, but she seemed to object very seriously to my uniform, or I imagined she did.

After peace was restored, the farmer said, "Thank ye, mister, air you goin' to church?". Now, I had no idea I was within ten miles of a church and when I told him as much he said, "Well, you sure must be a stranger in these parts, fur I've been going to the B— church as man and boy, nigh onto 50 year, but come along, I will insure you a good sermon."

I thanked him and added that I would enjoy going, but I was hardly dressed for a day at church. He replied, "Shucks, mister, that hain't no excuse. You look mighty smart and pert in them air clothes, don't he, Sal?" This to his daughter.

Miss Sallie answered by putting her finger in her mouth and saying, "Why, Paw!"

So we started and very soon came to a small, white church, standing back from the road, in a beautiful grove of oak trees. We were just in time, as the people were going in the church for the first song. I think I attracted more than my share of attention, but I suppose my uniform was a bit conspicuous, compared with the sober blacks and browns the men, and a good many of the women, wore.

Now, dear people, I am not saying a word against that minister or his sermon, but if he had been one-half as hungry as I he would have brought it to a close an hour before he did. I had visions of a long ride home, and a cold lunch about 3 p. m. or of sitting there slowly starving to death while that preacher stood and shouted loud enough to move the shingles.

Finally, the end came, and this boy of Uncle Sam made a grab for his hat and started for the door, but Mr. Farmer said, "Look hyre, whar air you goin'? Home, you say? Not by a jug full. You air goin' to eat dinner with me and Samanthy and Sal, ain't he Samanthy?"

"Yes, Hiram, he shore is,' his wife answered.

She got the basket and we "et." Oh, such a dinner of fried chicken, baked chicken, chicken in pie, custards, cake, and well—just a grand dinner. I ate until I was full to the eyes and I was a "powerful" happy man.

In about half an hour, we went back for song service. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I started for camp, arriving there at 5:30, the happiest and also the most completely worn out fellow in the service of Uncle Sam. I have been stationed on fine camping grounds, on battle ships and in fine cities, in the United States and in foreign countries, but that Sunday in June, the fine country folks, and that good dinner, will always remain a green spot in the memory of—Captain Jack.

The "green spot" that will always remain in the memory of Captain Jack, is a picture of PEACE. See the Point?

Here endeth the thirteenth chapter of The Blade Book.

Our Correspondents

At the present time of writing, August 7, it is more than some warm in Toledo. However the nights and mornings are cool, so we manage to pull through the day, just as we manage to pull through everything, if we do not get discouraged and let go.

The editor of The Peace Page would like the addresses of the Young Widow from Ohio, Pine Tree and Gray Wing.

Mrs. May Webster, 120 N. Cedar street, Traverse City, Mich., wants to know if any of our readers can give her information regarding her father, Frank M. Updike. At one time he was in Oregon. Kindly send this information, if you have any to give, to Mrs. Webster, not to The Blade.

Once more it gives me pleasure to tell you how much I appreciate the postcards and posies that come in the letters. They make by mail a daily surprise party I am glad to have.—Elizabeth.

Hazel Bowman, Colorado—I have read your letter with much interest. You and your husband are the kind who always win out, and just remember this, one may be as lonely in a city as in the desert barrens.

A long-lost friend, one Albert B. Banks, a Spanish-American soldier, is inquired for. He was in San Francisco shortly before the earthquake. If anyone knows the answer to this, kindly send it to Mrs. Nora G. Morris, 77 W. Montgomery street, Coldwater, Mich.

Pierrepont Girl—Yours received and I am much obliged. It is in print for you, one of these days.

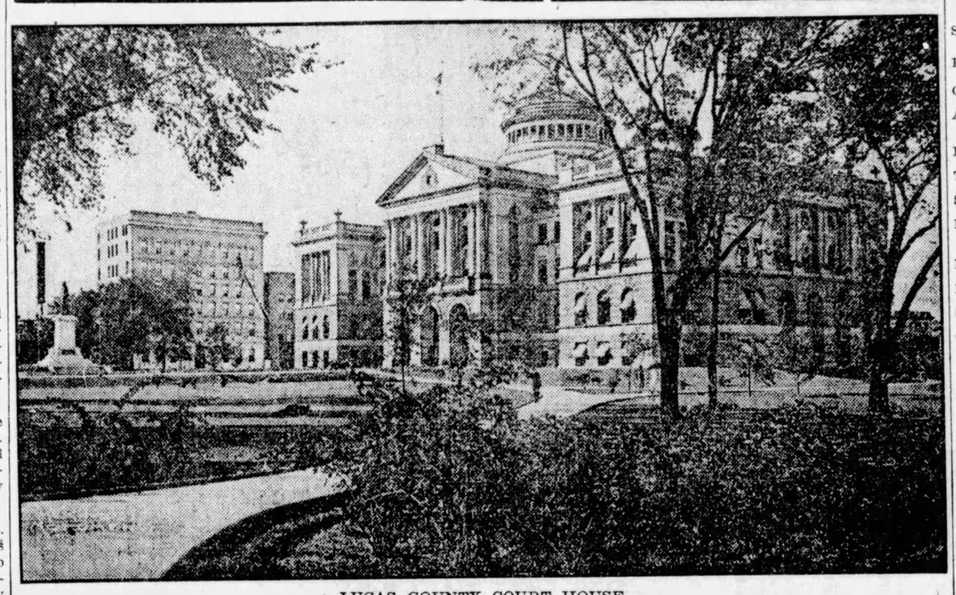
Please to remember, if any of you letter writers feel neglected or unappreciatd that you do not know very much about the grand, all-the-year-round grange meeting I have at this end of the line. There is aways a crowd and everyone is welcome. I do the best I can for you, and as fast as I can. What I want for a "back answer," is faith in—Elizabeth.

Much appreciated are the excellent recipes you good housekeepers are sending.

This is all there is room for today, but there is another week coming, and it is quite likely there is an indefinite number of weeks coming after we finish the next one. Here's hoping that you are all well and happy.

All letters for this page should have The Peace Page written somewhere on the envelope. This helps to keep things straight at this end of the line and there are "heap much" things to be kept straight here.

MERRY-GO-ROUND



LUCAS COUNTY COURT HOUSE.

Toledo being the county seat, the natural consequences are that this building is in Toledo. The McKinley monument is up front, and the large building at the side is the Y. M. C. A. During the summer the "Keep Off the Grass" sign has been removed from the lawn.

TRY TO

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

NORTHERN WYOMING

Dear M. G. R.'s—Will you allow a lad from Wyoming to enter into your circle? I have been a reader of your paper for several years and have always felt interested in this page. As you seldom see letters from this part of the country, I thought I would write one. I live in the northern part of the state, within seven miles of the foothills of the Big Horn Mountains, and 35 miles from Cloud's peak, which is 13,840 feet above sea level. Some of the largest streams of the nation start from these parts. Snow lies the year round in the deep canyons.

People coming from the east are delighted with the wonders of northern Wyoming. Cattle raising is one of the main occupations, and enables the cowboy to make his living. Many people in the east have the cowboy marked down as a bad character, but that is not so. There are always undesirable people in every class and it is the same with the cowboys. People coming from the east will find this a fine country to live in. Hoping to see this in print, I will close.—J. W. Lewis, Wyoming.

A LIVELY LASSIE

Will you admit a schoolgirl into your charming circle? Please do not say no, for then, of course, this would land in Elizabeth's waste basket. I surely love to go to school. I am now attending Church Hill academy and have the best teacher in all the world. I expect to attend Harrisburg next year. I like The Blade very much, but best of all, the M. G. R.

Come again, Frisky Fan, your letter was breezy; yours, too, Captain Jack and Peter Piper. I would attempt to describe myself, but words fail, I am such a beauty.

This is the grandest country I ever saw. Where there is not a rock or a stump there is a mud hole, but for all that, I think old Virginia is the best state in the Union.

M. G. R.'s, how late do you sit up when sister has a beau on Sunday night? I sit up until I go to bed. Is that the way you do? I must move out and make room for a more worthy citizen, but if I am welcome, perhaps I may come again and give my real name. For the present, I will use my school nickname. Love and best wishes to all.—Dina Girl, Virginia.

A MOUNTAIN GIRL

Dear Blade Friends—It has been some time since I saw a letter from western Oregon, so I thought I would ask permission to join you. I am a girl of 18 years and live in the mountains on a pack trail, 60 miles from a railroad, and 23 miles from the ocean. There is a railroad crew surveying for a new railroad within one-half mile of our place, so you see we live in hopes of having one soon.

My father has taken The Blade for about two years, and we think it is the best paper published. It comes to us on Tuesday and it seems as though we cannot wait from one Tuesday to the next.

I wish you were all here to go fishing, and eat trout. We catch them in a dandy little stream that comes nine miles through the mountains.

I wonder how many of you like to watch the moon. I sit on the porch and watch its great, glorious light shine down here in the mountains, making everything look odd and have such queer shapes. I will give some one else a chance. I wish you all health and happiness, also dear Elizabeth.—May of the Mountains, Oregon.

The Nifties and the Indian

ELIZABETH AYRES

CHAPTER VII.

Company Day.

Wide awake, after the exciting events of the evening, the boys kept the fire alive for a long time. The light it gave filled them with a sense of safety. They put off the hours of darkness as long as possible, and then, they had a good deal to talk over. The visit of the rough, angry farmer aroused their interest, and they began to connect the mysterious happenings in the camp with the boy for whom the farmer was looking.

"I don't blame him for running away. If he'd show up to us, we'd help him, wouldn't we, fellows?"

"You bet we would," the Kid agreed. "I wish we could find him."

"Well, s'posing we did, what could we do for him?" asked the discouraging Brooksie.

"Aw, cheer up," advised Jack. "You can bet if we find him and there's anything to do, we can do it. Why don't we put a sign out that he needn't be scared to come around when we are in camp?"

"That's a great scheme," said Freckles. "We'll do it. Say," he went on, "tomorrow we gotta put up the tent."

"Sure we have," Jack and the Kid responded heartily.

"Aw, what's the use?" Brooksie asked, lazily.

"That's right, be a knocker," said Freckles.

Brooksie rolled over on his back and looked up at the stars. "What's the use of working if you don't have to?" he argued, laughing good-naturedly.

In spite of their evening's excitement, one by one the Nifties grew too sleepy to talk and only a few words were spoken at long intervals. Jack aroused himself enough to go into the barn and bring out the blankets. "Here, get awake and roll up in this," he commanded, throwing a blanket down on each drowsy boy.

They were too sleepy to do anything except obey, though Freckles was inclined to grumble, and muttered an objection to being "bossed," but with the others he rolled himself up in his blanket and was soon far away in the land of nod, with Fritz snuggled as close as he could get to his side.

It was a warm, dry night, and nothing happened to disturb their slumbers until the sun was high in the heavens the next morning. The day was hot, and the boys, covered in their blankets to the tips of their noses, were almost suffocated.

"Jiminettie!" Jack shouted, throwing off his covering, "but I'm sweating!"

So were the other Nifties, and they sent their blankets flying. They ran down to the river to wash the sleep out of their eyes, and taking off their sweaters they gave themselves a good splashing. Back they went to the barn to see about getting breakfast.

"We gotta cook that chicken," Freckles said, by way of beginning the breakfast preparations.

"So the other fellow thinks," the Kid told him, holding up a piece of paper on which was written. "Why don't you cook the chicken? I've had breakfast. Much obliged."

"It's that Indian again!" Jack exclaimed. He must be watching us all the time. I'd like to know where he hides."

The Nifties talked the puzzle over again and again, but they could not solve it by talking, so they concluded to get their breakfast, as that seemed the most sensible thing to do.

Jack and the Kid were thinking of building a fire in their stove, when they heard from outside: "Hello, the house! Have you all" gone swimming?"

The Nifties ran out to see a horse and carriage coming toward them, carrying the Kid's father and mother.

"Come and have breakfast," they shouted in greeting. "We haven't had any yet."

"I suppose you eat when you want to and sleep when you have to," the Kid's father said, smiling. "We thought we'd come out and look you over. How are you getting on?"

"Fine, fine!" the Nifties shouted, having acquired the habit in the open air of speaking at the tops of their voices.

The Kid was very glad to see his mother, and when the boys were not looking he went up close to her and gave her a good squeeze.

"Are you all right, Sonny?" she whispered.

"All right, mother," he whispered in return.

"Where's your tent?" the Kid's father asked, looking around in search of it.

"In the barn," his son answered; "We haven't had time to put it up yet."

"Oh!" said the Kid's father, with a queer twinkle in his eyes.

Freckles and Brooksie excused themselves to go into the barn and see about breakfast.

"I guess it's too late to save the chicken," Brooksie said, after an investigation. He held up the tin plate upon which were the pieces of fowl, at arm's length, and wrinkled up his nose to express his feelings.

(To be continued.)

POETS' CORNER

KEEP A-SMILIN'!

By John Nichols Beffel.

Still a-smilin', my good brother?
That's the way through life t' go.
Keep a-laughin', don't y' worry,
An' dull care won't have a show.
Check your trunk for Sunshine Country
Where old Trouble never stays
An' you'll help th' world be merry
While y' live through happy days.

Keep on dreamin', it won't hurt y';
Let th' world know you don't care
Though the wild winds rage an' ruin
All your castles of the air.
Sing your song—if it's a sad one
Better sing it mighty low,
But if there is sunshine in it
Lift your voice and let us know.

Don't quit hopin', it will bring y'
All y' need an' plenty more.
He who works an' keeps a-smilin'
Finds life sweet unto th' core.
S'pose th' clouds do hide th' heavens?
Can't have blue skies all th' while;
Got t' use th' clouds for somethin';
Y' won't mind it if y' smile.

If y' feel bad, just remember
There's a heap worse off than you,
But they smile an' keep on hopin'
An' their days are never blue.
What's th' use, friend o' complainin'?
It won't get y' nothin' good.
While you'll sure be well an' happy
If y' smile an' saw your wood.

MISUNDERSTOOD

Author Unknown.

Could we but draw back the curtains
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should find it better,
Purer than we judge we should;
We should love each other better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the sinner
All the while we loathe the sin,
Could we know the powers working
To o'erthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the effort all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment—
Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim external roughness
Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Should we pity where now we hinder?
Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at the source;
Seeing not the evil
All the golden grains of good;
Oh! we'd love each other better,
If we only understood.

WHITE-WINGED ANGEL

Author Unknown.

Fly to heaven, white-winged angel,
Take the news tonight up there,
To the host of God's redeemed ones,
To the angels bright and fair;
Tell them how another sinner,
Wandered far from mother's side,
Has returned at last to Jesus,
And the path her feet hath trod.

CHORUS.

Sing it! sing it! Angels sing it,
Till our lips take up the strain,
Till the bells ring out the anthem
That a soul is born again.

Fly to heaven, white-winger angel,
Tell them there the story true,
Till the angels' hallelujah,
Mingles with our praises too;
Tell them how a precious mother,
Had a wandering, wayward boy,
Who tonight has found her Saviour,
And her heart is filled with joy.

Fly to heaven, white-winged angel,
Tell them there the story sweet,
Let that sainted mother hear it,
As you shall the tale repeat;
Tell how long in sin he wandered,
Till his heart was filled with woe,
But tonight, he heard the message,
Blood can wash as white as snow.

Fly to heaven, white-winged angel,
Don't forget to tell the rest,
How her prayers to God were answered,
As to Calvary's cross he pressed;
Tell them how he rolled on Jesus
All this weight of guilt and shame,
And tonight upon the record,
Angel, you will find his name.

THIS WORLD

Author Unknown.

This world is not so bad a world
As some would like to make it,
Though whether good or whether bad
Depends on how we take it.

For if we fret and scold all day,
From dewy morn till evening,
This world will ne'er afford to man
A foretaste here of Heaven.

This world, in fact, is as good a world
As ere was known to any,
Who have not seen another yet,
And there are very many.

A SERMON FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Author Unknown.

Don't ever go hunting for pleasures—
They cannot be found thus I know,
Nor yet fall a digging for treasures,
Unless with the spade and the hoe!

The bee has to work for the honey,
The drone has no right to the food,
And he who has not earned his money
Will get of his money no good.

The ant builds her nest with her labor,
The squirrel looks out for his mate,
And he who depends on his neighbor
Will never have friends first or last.

In short, 'tis no better than thieving,
Though Thief is a hard name to call,
Good things to be always receiving,
And never to give back at all.

And do not put off till tomorrow
The thing that you ought to do now,
But first set the share in the furrow,
And then set your hand to the plow.

The time is too short to be waiting,
The day maketh haste to the night,
And it's just as hard work to be hating
Your work, as to do it outright.

Know this, too, before you are older,
And all the fresh morning is gone,
Who puts to the world's wheel a shoulder
Is he that will move the world on!

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

Author Unknown.

Oh, Paddy, dear, and did you hear
The news that's going round?
The shamrock is forbid by law
To grow on Irish ground.
No more St. Patrick's day we'll keep
His colors can't be seen!
For there's a bloody law agin'
The wearing of the green!

Oh, I met with Napper-Tandy,
And he took me by the hand,
And says he, "How is ould Ireland,
And how does she stand?
She's the most distressed country
That ever I have seen,
For they're hanging men and women
For the wearing of the green!

And since the color we must wear
Is England's cruel red,
Ould Ireland's sons will ne'er forget
The blood that they have shed—
Then take the shamrock from your hat
And cast it on the sod;
It will take root and flourish still,
Tho' under foot 'tis trod.

When the law can stop the blades of grass
From growing as they grow—
And when the leaves in summer time
Their verdure do not show—
Then I will change the color
I wear in my caubeen;
But till that day, plaze God,
I'll stick to the wearing of the green!

But if at last her colors
Should be torn from Ireland's heart,
Her sons, with shame and sorrow,
From the dear old sod will part.
I've heard whispers of a country
That lies far beyond the sea,
Where rich and poor stand equal
In the light of freedom's day!

Oh, Erin! must we leave you,
Driven by the tyrant's hand?
Must we ask a mother's blessing
In a strange and happy land,
Where the cruel cross of England's thraldom
Never will be seen,
But where, thank God! we'll live and die,
Still wearing of the green?

SMILIN'

Author Unknown.

It's best to keep a smilin';
For a smile's a kind o' net
That catches by beguilin'
Just the things it wants to get.

So keep your smiles a spreadin',
Crack a jolly joke or two,
And you'll find that things come
headin'
Straight for smilin' folks like you.

POEMS REQUESTED

The words to the song is wanted which has a chorus something like this: Beneath the twinkling stars down, down by grandpa's meadow you would meet me at the bars.

The opening line of a poem requested are these: I was a boy seventeen, ungainly, dull and tall, green as any gosling, but I thought I knew it all.

Lorena's Answer to Paul, and the Little Ones at Home, are the titles of two poems wanted by one of our friends.

Wanted — The verses entitled Maria's in Heaven. They begin like this—The parson's been preachin' 'bout heaven, to us who are outen the fold.

These lines give clue to a song one of our friends wants: In a nice little nook, by the babbling brook, that carries her father's old mill.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

PAINTED POST

Dear Friends—As I never have seen a letter from Painted Post, I thought I would send one, and with it, a postcard of the Indian monument, erected in memory of that which gives the village its name.

When this country was first settled, there was at this place, a post which had been set and painted by the Indians, in memory of a chief who had been buried here. For many years, the village kept a large pole, like a telephone pole, with an Indian cut out of wood on top of it, in fact it is here now, just at the left of the monument, on the corner of the street. Seventeen years ago, they built the monument in the center of the square. In 1910, when they were putting in the waterworks, they dug up some bones, supposed to be those of the Indian chief for whom the post was originally erected. Well, as this is my first letter, I will try not to make it too long. I hope to see it in The Blade and the picture of the monument, also, so here is hoping. Good-bye. I will sign my real name.—Mrs. G. D. Horton, Painted Post, New York.

PAINTED POST MONUMENT.

From a postcard picture, sent by Mrs. G. D. Horton, of Painted Post, New York.

"THE DEAR, OLD MOON"

Dear Blade—I am an old girl, most 64 years of age. We have taken The Blade for a long time and I always read the Peace Page first, there are so many friendly, comforting things on that page. It makes me feel as if we are all related.

When I read what Ray-Tom said about "Ba," looking at the same old moon, it took my mind, away back to the time of the Cuban war, when my boy was in the trenches with the other boys, before Santiago was taken. I used to look at the moon and say, "Well, he can't be so very far away, for he can see the same moon that I can."

I felt the same way when my girls were in Iowa, teaching school, and I found that the dear, old moon could be a real comfort to lonesome folks, sometimes, if they'd let it be. Well, I am thankful to say that all my children came back safe and can view the moon from their mother's porch. By the way, it is like the old home porch, described by Piggie in The Blade Book and one of my girls did actually go through the floor with a chair leg. I have three children. They are all married and have homes of their own. My mother is still alive and is almost 88 years old. This is a beautiful world to live in and old Michigan is the very best spot of all. More anon.—Wealthy S. Thorp, Michigan.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

I like the heading of this page so much. We all should have peace in our homes, as there is no place, like home, sweet home. I live in a little village of Illinois, situated between the Big Four railroad and the Wabash river. Some very nice motor boats are on this stream. Our village is lighted with gas and is near one of the large oil fields of this state.

I am a mother, 47 years old. I have a dear husband and one sweet, little boy, five years old, to give sunshine in our home. I am a member of the Domestic Science club, which has a membership of forty-five. I think domestic science should be taught in all our public schools. The day is near at hand when it will be. Some have already begun. If this is taught our boys and girls, there will soon be more wholesome food and the rising generation will be trained for better home-making, in more ways than one.

We have a year's program made out. To each lady is assigned a subject. Mine, I take from The Blade. It is, Real Life Glimpses. We meet every two weeks and always have a good time exchanging ideas on household duties.

I get so much good from the Peace Page, especially the letters. If this is in print, I may come again with domestic chat.—A Crawford County Wife, Illinois.

You are right, sister. There is no place like home, if therein peace abides. If there is no peace, there is no home. How to cook wholesome food and how to be good housekeepers may be taught at home, if the "chief" is so inclined and has the knowledge, but it is an excellent thing to have Domestic Science included in the school training. There has been such a department connected with the Toledo public schools, for several years.

Good cooking; good housekeeping; go a long way toward making good homes. The home either makes or mars the child. Parents must do their part, so the children may know how to do theirs.

In Real Life Glimpses, you have chosen an inexhaustible subject. Life is all around you, at all times. All you have to do is to keep your eyes open and your thinker busy. You will find in real life, a book which has no ending. Come again, with more domestic chat.—Elizabeth.

RULES FOR HAPPINESS

Try to make others happy, especially in your own home.

If you are a husband, see that your family is supplied with all necessary conveniences, so far as you are able.

If a wife, do not waste your time in useless ornaments for either yourself or children, but see that all things pertaining to health and Godliness have your special care.

If a son, or daughter, reverence your parents and prove your good training by cheerful obedience to all their wishes.

Unitedly make your home as near life Heaven as possible, and when you come to years of maturity, you will be sought to fill positions of trust.—Observer.

TAKE NOTICE

Be sure to write Peace Page on the envelope of all letters intended for this dpartment of The Weekly Blade. To be sure, to be a Blade booster and pass your own good words along in the name of peace and in the cause of your country.

This is your end of the job. I'll hold mine down to the best of my ability.—Elizabeth.

OUR COOK BOOK

By BLADE HOUSEKEEPERS.

From the signs o' the times, it is approaching the pickling season, or it may be here. At all events, here are some recipes for dill pickles, sent in answer to a request for "that same."

My Best Dill Pickles.

Wash and scrub with a brush, small and medium-sized cucumbers. Let them lie over night in fresh, cold water. In the morning, dry with a cloth and pack in layers with plenty of fresh dill, in large fruit jars. In every two quart jar, put two very small red peppers, two laurel leaves, one tablespoonful of berry pepper and two small pieces of horse radish. For 18 quarts of cucumbers, boil six quarts of water, with one pound of salt and one teaspoonful of powdered alum. When this liquid boils, add one quart of cider vinegar. With this, fill the jars, seal and put in a cool place. When the cucumbers ferment, do not believe they are spoiled if bubbles form in the fruit jars.

German Dill Pickles.

Take two or three dozen of medium sized cucumbers, one half peck of small, wild grape leaves and some dill. After cucumbers and leaves are washed in a stone jar, pack a layer of grape leaves, then a layer of cucumbers with dill, then leaves, and so on. When the crock is nearly filled, pour a liquid of strong, salt water into it. Cover with a clean cloth and a weight. In about two weeks they will be ready to use. If they are put in the cellar, they will keep a few weeks. Tie the crock with clean paper.—These are from a friend of ours in Michigan.

One of our friends in South Dakota writes: "Make dill pickles as late in the season as possible. Sometimes they will get soft, if made too early, as the weather may be too hot for them."

Cider Apple Butter.

I have a 12-gallon copper kettle. The first thing I do is to get the apples ready to cook, and the cider ready to boil. Then I clean the copper kettle with vinegar and coarse salt. I have the fire ready to light as soon as the kettle is cleaned. Then I put in the cider and boil it down to nearly one half. The apples are cooked in a porcelain lined kettle. After adding them to the cider, keep stirring constantly to prevent burning or scorching. That is what we call cider apple butter. You can put sugar in if you wish, but never let it stand in the kettle after it is cooked.

You must have enough of apples to thicken the cooked cider to the consistency of apple sauce. This takes quite a quantity of apples. Use your good judgment; that is what helps me along. The butter will be dark, but that is all right. I made some ten years ago. We ate the last of it in April 1911. I cut it out of the jar, then thinned it and it was fine. This is the way we made apple butter in Maryland when I was a little girl—Mrs. E. J. Wilson, Columbus City, Iowa.

Good Pancakes.

One quart of sour milk; one teaspoon of soda, dissolved in the milk; two double handfuls of clean, wheat bran; two eggs. Break the eggs into the batter; add a little salt and enough white flour to make it the right thickness. Beat well and bake on a hot griddle.—Aunt Jerusha, Michigan.

Pancake News.

For the benefit of those who like sour milk pancakes and do not always have sour milk, try setting them with yeast as you do when making buckwheat cakes. In the summer, after the first week, set them with cold water; in the winter, I use warm. I always save about two cups of dough, then set the cakes in the evening. In the morning I add a teaspoon of soda and one of salt. Do not put any flour in them in the morning, as it makes the cakes heavy.—This is from a lady friend of ours in Sioux Falls, Iowa.

We are always glad to have you Blade Housekeepers send in recipes for your favorite dish, or for the dishes most favored by the folks at home. We do not want too many of the frills of cookery in this cook book of ours. We are after good, plain, wholesome things to eat. I am very much obliged to those who have thus far contributed.—Elizabeth.

"PLEASANTRIES"

Dear Cozy Corner—This world, but a tiny star in the universe of suns and planets, I delight to consider my beautiful home, and all the forms of life my kindred. I am writing from my pleasant nook, in Kansas, and greet the members of this large family, who, too, are busy in their own corners, distinguished by various names.

I hope none of the happy couples, parents, or young folks will waft one sigh thitherward, when I state that I live alone, in the suburbs of a village, with neighbors just close enough to suggest pleasant association, and not too free familiarity, yet it depends on quality of character and not proximity, whether or not it is company or a crowd. I enjoy the good, the beautiful, everywhere, and the happiness of all is reflected upon me, and in joy waves I return the blessing. Though I keep bachelor-girl's-hall, and business does not take me away from home, the days are too short, for, with housework, reading, writing, music, sewing, yard work, calling and entertaining friends occasionally, I am too pleasantly busy to get lonesome. Time speeds by, though I try not to permit any jostling in my work; but to quote my favorite prompter:

I make a sphere of faith of ev'ry day,
And live just one day at a time;
And trust the Perfect Spirit for the way,
That leads unto the heights sublime
I start anew, each day, with morning light,
And lull the cares with cheerful song;
And work with gladness till the shades of night,
Then sleep the sleep that makes one strong.

I note new and pleasant experiences in each day, and they come unannounced, as yesterday, for instance, I was sitting by a window, reading, when a catbird flew by and stopped at a quart can of fresh water I had set out for the birds to drink, not expecting them to take a bath in it, but he was bent on enjoying its cleansing properties. He would jump in, go under the water for an instant, and in a twinkle be on the rim of the can. This he continued until he was a sight to behold. I had a good laugh at his expense, but his antics must be seen to be appreciated. I thought if we would adapt ourselves to conditions, and get the enjoyment from simple things he seemed to from that tiny bath tub, we, too, could sing as musically as he did later on.

Of the bird orchestras, the mocking bird's is my favorite. A pair has a nest near, and before the nestlings hatch the father bird sings much of his time, even at night. It seems cruel to cage them, for, at times, while singing, they will fly skyward several feet and then turn over, displaying a glimmer of white and light in the same place, never missing a note of their wonderful songs.

One morning I was working in my yard, and one commenced to sing, perched on the chimney. I stopped work and was his very attentive audience. He imitated the whippoorwill's songs, but very fast. I called to him to stop, because that was not correct. He listened attentively while I whistled it in time and then flew away. The next day he came back and I was gratified to hear the mistake rectified, but before he finished singing he repeated it, as at first. He had not changed his program; he had simply extended it. My nook is enlivened with trees and birds, and I enjoy the music of rustling leaves and the presence of birds, with habits and songs so diverse. I love Nature Study, and am pleased with that feature of this page, also that it is devoted to the cheer-up philosophy, and that altogether it represents such a happy family. I hope to call again for an exchange of pleasantries.—Lisle E. Saxton, Eldorado, Kansas.

LAUNDRY HINTS

In making cooked, or cold starch, for a family washing, add a level teaspoonful of pulverized borax. This gives the clothes a nice gloss, and they iron smoothly.—Happy Ann, Michigan.

Here is a laundry hint of my own. Soft white goods, such as batiste, nainsook or fine muslin, are prettier laundered without starch. To give them a fine finish, put a tablespoonful of borax in the last rinsing water and the result will look good to you. This is from—Elizabeth.

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

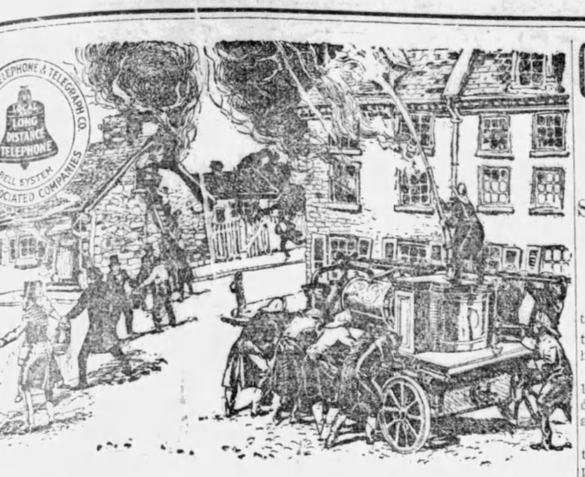
By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Peoria, Ill.—"I wish to let every one know what Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies have done for me. For two years I suffered. The doctors said I had fibroids, and the only remedy was the surgeon's knife. My mother bought me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and today I am a healthy woman. For months I suffered from inflammation, and your Sanative Wash relieved me. Your Liver Pills have no equal as a cathartic. Any one wishing proof of what your medicines have done for me can get it from any druggist or by writing to me. You can use my testimonial in any way you wish, and I will be glad to answer letters."—Mrs. CHRISTINA REED, 105 Mound St., Peoria, Ill.

Another Operation Avoided.

New Orleans, La.—"For years I suffered from severe female trouble. Finally I was confined to my bed and the doctor said an operation was necessary. I gave Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial first, and was saved from an operation."—Mrs. LILY PEYROUX, 1111 Kerlerec St., New Orleans, La.

The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for those distressing feminine ills from which so many women suffer.



ire Fighting and Telephoning

Both Need Team Work, Modern Tools and an Ever Ready Plant, Everywhere

nty men with twenty buckets put out a small fire if each works by himself.

enty men form a line and pass buckets from hand to hand, can put out a larger fire. But same twenty men on the brakes "hand tub" can force a con- ous stream of water through a so fast that the bucket brigade ns futile by comparison.

e modern firefighter has gone y beyond the "hand tub." hanics build a steam fire ine, miners dig coal to feed it, kmen build reservoirs and lay es so that each nozzleman and ineer is worth a score of the fashioned firefighters.

The big tasks of to-day require not only team work, but also modern tools and a vast system of supply and distribution.

The Bell telephone system is an example of co-operation between 75,000 stockholders, 120,000 employees and six million subscribers.

But to team work is added an up-to-date plant. Years of time and hundreds of millions of money have been put into the tools of the trade; into the building of a nation-wide network of lines; into the training of men and the working out of methods. The result is the Bell system of to-day—a union of men, money and machinery, to provide universal telephone service for ninety million people.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
e Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

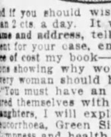
EE TO YOU--MY SISTER FREE TO YOU and Every Sister Suffering From Woman's Ailments

I am a woman. I know woman's sufferings. I have found a cure.

I will mail free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men can not understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whites, Discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles caused by weakness peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete ten days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home easily, quickly, and surely. Remember that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; d if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cts. a week, or less n 2 cts a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your me and address, tell me how you suffer if you wish, and I will send you the treat- nt for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you e of cost my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustra- ns showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. ery woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says ou must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have ed themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of ughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectively cures otorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. ompness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies in your own locality who know and will gladly ll any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes men well, strong, plump and robust. Just send your address, and the free ten days' atment is yours; also the book. This is no C. O. D. scheme. All letters are kept con- dential and are never sold to other persons. Write today, you may not see this ge again. Address MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 8. Notre Dame, Ind. U. S. A.



LADIES *WHY SUFFER?*

Orange Lily cured me of painful periods, Leucorrhea, Ulceration and other Irregularities after I had been given up to die. To any suffering lady I will send a 50 cent package of this wonderful remedy FREE, mailed at once to

MRS. C. C. FRETTER, Box 306, DETROIT, MICH.

T MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable ple from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, testants, Catholics, etc., mailed Free. "The espondent," Toledo, Ohio.

ARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. LEY CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICHIGAN.

ARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. PILOT, Dept. 39, Marshall, Mich.

arry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

PE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. FREE BOOKLET. BYRON FIELD & CO. 120 So. STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

APITAL GREETS TOGO

Admiral Is Given a Warm Welcome by President and Others.

Washington, August 5.—The United es government, through President t, Secretary of State Knox and ing Secretary of the Navy Win- rop, today officially honored Ad- al Togo.

An almost continuous round of en- tainment had been planned for the anese admiral, who arose re- ed today from his fatiguing day New York.

His program today included calls e and return calls by Secretary State Knox and Acting Secretary the Navy Beekman Winthrop; and my and navy officers generally were be received until noon by Admiral at his hotel. In the afternoon, audience with President Taft and ght-seeing tour were scheduled, entertainment of the day being ght to a climax by a dinner at White House tonight.

Some Hot Uniforms.

anticipation of the discomfort might encounter at the White se tonight by reason of the pos- conflict of hot weather and the dress uniforms to be worn, army navy officers early today were ful that cool weather would pre- At the station last night while ting the arrival of Admiral Togo, tenant Colonel Jnouye, military he of the Japanese embassy, was ing with Major Butts on the s of full dress uniform worn by Japanese army, and the Pres- 's aide asked particularly her Admiral Togo would wear ite evening uniform or full dress attire.

Full dress," responded the Japanese military attache, whereat Major Butt declared every American army and navy officer present also would wear full dress and he commented on the heavy weight American uniforms with its ponderous medals, epaulettes and braids.

"You see," remarked Major Butt. "we are going to perspire very much in honor of your great naval hero."

MYSTERY OF SUICIDE

Lieut. Brillhart, of U. S. Navy, Kills Himself in New York Hotel.

New York, August 4.—Lieut. Charles E. Brillhart of the United States navy was found dead from a bullet wound in his room at the Hotel Astor late yesterday.

Mystery which police investigation failed to penetrate is connected with the motive for the navy officer's suicide, for there was no circumstance to contradict the coroner's immediate opinion that Lieut. Brillhart had killed himself.

In one of his hands, which were crossed over his body as it lay in a chair, he clutched a 32-calibre revolver, with all but one of the six chambers loaded. The bullet from the empty chamber had struck his right temple, made its way through his head, and was found on the floor behind him.

Leaves Letter for Wife.

To Mrs. Charles E. Brillhart, his bride of but eight months, the naval lieutenant had sealed, addressed and stamped a letter which the coroner forwarded last night without opening, to Mrs. Brillhart at The Cairo, 16th and Q streets, N. W., Washington, D. C. It may give the lieutenant's reason for killing himself.

Lieut. Brillhart disappeared from Washington Monday. Brother officers searched that city and Baltimore for him, and yesterday called on the police of all big cities to assist in the hunt. The navy department also sent out a general alarm.

Body Is Found.

The lieutenant arrived at The Astor shortly after noon Tuesday without baggage. No special attention was paid to the guest and nothing was heard of him until a maid complained that she could not get into his room. Entrance was forced and the body was found.

Lieut. Brillhart was regarded as one of the most promising young officers in the service. He had been in charge of the power station at the Washington navy yard, following a term of sea duty and was universally popular. Eight months ago he married a young woman of Washington.

The Evil of Bad Temper.

George Eliot.

A man out of temper does not wait for proofs before feeling toward all things, animate and inanimate, as if they were in a conspiracy against him, but at once thrashes his horse or kicks his dog in consequence.

COTTON BILL MAY STRETCH SESSION

Senate Refers It to Finance Committee, to Report August 10.

Washington, August 5.—The action taken by the senate today in referring the cotton bill, as it came from the house, to the finance committee with instructions to report not later than the 10th of August, is apt to postpone the date fixed by common consent, for the adjournment of congress.

Democrats and insurgents working together today defeated the effort to postpone consideration of the cotton bill at the present session. The twelve votes furnished by progressives represented the majority by which the Martin resolution prevailed. Two Democrats, Overman and Simmons, from the great cotton manufacturing state of North Carolina, voted for delay.

The bill will be reported tomorrow, it is believed. Consideration of it will begin at once. There is no unanimous consent agreement by which debate may be limited and the bill voted on, as was the case with the wool bill and the farmers' free list. This, it is believed, will prevent a vote on it at the extra session unless the session is unduly prolonged. The regular Republicans and the North Carolina Democrats are not likely to give their consent for a date for the vote. Senator La Follette holds the key to the situation in the conference. Democrats admit this. Representative Underwood and other members of the subcommittee on the wool bill is urging Mr. La Follette to keep down the duty on raw wool below 30 per cent..

WILL MAINE VOTE DRY?

Leader in State-Wide Prohibition Again in Throes of Liquor Campaign.

Augusta, Me., August 5.—Sixty-five years ago today the Democratic legislature of Maine enacted the first prohibition law against the liquor traffic, thus setting an example of state-wide prohibition which was not imitated by other commonwealths until many years later. In another month, on September 11 of this year, at a general election, the voters of Maine will be called upon to decide whether state-wide prohibition, which has been statutory from 1854 to 1884 and constitutional ever since, shall remain part of the State's constitution or not.

Of World-Wide Importance.

Since the state of Maine enacted the first prohibition law, prohibition has made tremendous strides. The movement is no longer a state or even a national movement, but has assumed an international character. In many countries throughout the world the war against the liquor traffic has been taken up and the prohibition movement has met with varying degrees of success. For this reason the battle which is now being fought in this state is attracting world-wide attention. Maine was the pioneer of the prohibition movement and maintained state-wide prohibition continuously longer than any other commonwealth in the world. It is quite natural, therefore, that the coming election is awaited with the most intense interest throughout the world.

It is generally admitted by friends of prohibition in and outside the state, that a great deal depends upon the outcome of the coming election. In fact, it is believed that the result of the vote will be of the most vital influence upon the future of the prohibition movement. If the majority of the voters in Maine should decide by their vote that constitutional prohibition, after a test of 27 years, was found by them unfeasible or undesirable, this decision would mean a severe blow to the hopes of the friends of prohibition who, for years, have been working, inspired by the thought that some day all nations would combine in suppressing the liquor traffic.

The campaign now in progress in this state and which will continue for another month, until the last vote shall have been cast at the coming election, began practically immediately after the election in September of last year, when it became certain that a Democratic legislature had been elected, believed to be pledged to vote for a resubmission of the prohibition clause of the constitution. People outside of this state cannot imagine how bitter and desperate is the fight between the prohibition and the anti-prohibition factions in this state. The campaign was begun by the prohibitionists with a rush and steadily increased in vigor and bitterness and there is every reason to believe that the remaining month will witness a campaign in this state, unparalleled in fierceness in the history of political fights.

So far the prohibitionists have been the aggressors. As early as October 15 of last year the Maine Sunday School association adopted by unanimous vote a resolution declaring, "That any person who votes or in any way influences others to vote, directly or indirectly, to so amend our Constitution as to admit of a license of the liquor traffic, high or low, local or statewide, is equally guilty of giving his neighbor drink and putting the bottle to him as the rum seller, and the woe of the prophet of God is upon him." That is rather strong language, but it is a fair sample of the language used by the prohibitionists in the present campaign.

Even the opponents of prohibition are forced to admit that the prohibitionists are remarkably well organized and are putting up a great fight. The leader of the prohibition campaign is a woman, Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, national president of the W. C. T. U. She is a Maine woman and a resident of Portland. She has fought for prohibition many years, but she regards the present contest as the greatest battle of her life.

Under her direction the whole state was flooded with campaign literature of the most vigorous nature. She enlisted the churches, the Sunday schools, the children and women to fight for prohibition and brought speakers from all parts of the United States and even from Europe, where prohibition has many staunch supporters.

The anti-prohibition campaign is conducted by the Maine Non-Partisan Local Self-Government league, which is composed of men of high standing and has enlisted the support of four leading newspapers in the state. The work of the league is carried on systematically and thoroughly, but with scientific grounds."

COST SO LITTLE DO SO MUCH

Those who suffer from pimples, blackheads and other disfiguring facial eruptions; red, rough hands, itching, burning palms and shapeless nails; dry, thin and falling hair, with itching, scaly scalps—all should make trial at once of Cuticura soap and ointment. No other emollients cost so little and do so much. No others so pure, so sweet, so speedily effective not only for these minor afflictions of the skin, scalp and hair, but for torturing, disfiguring eczemas, rashes, irritations, scalings and crustings, from infancy to age.

CANADA IS CUT UP

Opposition Will Have to Gain 25 in Parliament to Beat Pact.

Ottawa, Ont., August 7.—Readjustment of political plans and preparation for the campaign throughout the dominion involving reciprocity with the United States, will mark this week. The Laurier government dazed most of its followers and the opposition by sudden dissolution of parliament last week.

The extent of the surprise is indicated by the fact that few members were ready to leave for their constituencies to seek re-election, and the last group are now leaving Ottawa. Meanwhile tons of printed matter has been put into the mails, the franking privileges having been extended one week.

Machinery Not Running.

Little election machinery is in running order. This is because the contest has been precipitated a year before its normal time. This would have been after four sessions of the 11th parliament instead of after three, a general election being required every five years. Neither party has enough convention-named- candidates in the field to begin extensive campaigning at once. Nominating conventions, however, are scheduled and the naming of candidates will be completed in a month. Both party leaders will be well started on their speechmaking tours by that time.

Reciprocity Is Issue.

It is the evident purpose of the opponents of reciprocity to ignore and to divert attention from it as much as possible. But the government and its supporters will insist that, in the election six weeks from now, every ballot for a candidate shall be, morally if not politically, a decision whether there shall be reciprocity with the United States. In so deciding, the people will determine whether Sir Wilfred Laurier shall continue to be prime minister or whether he shall be replaced by R. L. Borden, the opposition leader.

Both Sides Confident.

Prominent members of the government express increased confidence that, after the first week of pulse feeling, far and near, the new parliament, to be opened in October by the new governor general, the Duke of Connaught, will be so constituted by the re-election results as to be able to make its initial act the ratification of the reciprocity agreement. The opposition forces, on the contrary, assert that the crest of a tidal wave of anti-reciprocity sentiment has been sighted and that after it has rolled across the map a resultant Conservative and French Nationalist majority in the new parliament will kill the pact by leaving it in its present condition—ratified at Washington, but not at Ottawa.

Opposition Must Gain 25.

To end reciprocity the opposition leaders will have to return with 25 more members than they have now. That would give them a majority of five in the house. But as one of these would have to be elected speaker, the working majority would be but four. This small margin, however, would suffice. Parliament has a membership of 221. Today 133 are government supporters and 88 are opponents of the government, the administration's majority being 45.

MISSES HIS OWN WEDDING

Bride-Elect Gives Fiance $100 and He Excuses Himself.

Springfield, Mass., August 7.—Miss Elizabeth Zeblok, of Thompsonville, Conn., had no wedding yesterday, although the mariage bans of Miss Zeblok and Michael Dzaicick had been announced for the third time in the village church.

Miss Zeblok came to Springfield with her fiance, bought him a suit of clothes, paid for the wedding ring and gave him $100 in cash, after which Dzaicick excused himself, saying "I'll be back in a minute."

Dzaicick has not reappeared and Miss Zeblok fears he is a victim of foul play. The police hardly think so.

WHITE WIFE SUES A JAPANESE

Former Minnesota School Teacher Asks for Divorce.

Seattle, Wash., August 4.—Lena Porter Uyeno, a former Minnesota school teacher, 20 years old, was married to a Japanese on May 11, 1910.

Yesterday she asked the superior court for a decree of divorce on the ground of incompatability.

In the complaint the white wife says she does not know how she "happened to marry" the Japanese. They lived together only 11 days.

Rubber Roofing Warranted For Twenty-Five Years. FREIGHT PAID To Any Station East of Rocky Mountains, except Texas, Okla., Colo., N. D., S. D., Wyo., Mont., N. M., La., Ga., Ala., Miss. and Fla., on all orders of three rolls or more. Special Prices to these States on request.

ONE-PLY - - - - Weighs 35 lbs., 108 Square Feet, $1.10 per roll.
TWO-PLY - - - Weighs 45 lbs., 108 Square Feet, $1.30 per roll.
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WAR RUMORS DISTURB TRADE

Clews Says Foreign Banks' Uneasiness Is Felt Here.

New York, August 7.—As was to have been expected, our own market has participated in the general feeling of international financial unsettlement, says Henry Clews. Political affairs abroad have not, at least on the surface, shown increased strain. But an attitude of uneasiness has nevertheless been apparent in foreign banking circles and it is not at all unnatural that this should spread to this side of the ocean, especially in view of the active sales of American securities by foreign holders that have taken place.

As has been repeatedly emphasized in these advices, the cable and telegraph have converted all the great financial centers of the world into a single market, of which the various branches such as London, New York, Paris, Berlin, Amsterdam, etc., act in harmony. Any broad-minded view of financial conditions today must, therefore, be the international view; and we can hardly expect a strong and confident market in New York when the great financial interests in London and Paris are so obviously concerned over the political outlook. Taken altogether, the foreign situation is undoubtedly better than a week ago, but underlying conditions are so varied, so complex and so bound up with international dignity that it is fair to assume that a considerable period of continued unsettlement in financial circles is still among the immediate probabilities.

KANSAS HAS BAD SEASON

Falls Behind Among Surplus Grain States.

Kansas August state report was bullish. C. A. King & Co. say it makes wheat crop only 51,000,000. The government July guess was 58,000,000 against 62,000,000 year ago. Quality is excellent. Thirty-seven per cent of acreage was abandoned. Corn condition is only 54 on 7,681,000 acres which is 1,500,000 less than the government estimate.

Missouri August report rather bullish. It makes corn condition only 61 against 83 last month and 86 last October when the crop turned out 250,000,000 bushels. Government July condition 78. Wheat yield per acre is 15 bushels against 13 year ago.

Michigan August report favorable. King says it makes wheat yield per acre 18 bushels, same as year ago. Corn condition 82, while government July guess was 91. Their rye crop will be nearly 5,000,000, trifle less than year ago. Oat yield per acre same as year ago. Their potato and bean crops short.

LA FOLLETTE IS BOSS

Wisconsin Senator in Absolute Control of Senatorial Legislative Situation.

By J. A. Mathews.

Washington, August 7.—Plans for the early adjournment of the extra session of congress are all up in air again. Predictions are made today, in the light of the latest developments in the tariff legislation, that the session will drag along until September 1.

The sub-committee of the conference committee of the house and senate dealing with the wool bill has reported to the full committee of the conferees that they have been unable to agree up to date. They were ordered to continue their negotiations. In addition the full conference committee has sent the farmers' free list bill to the same sub-committee, Senator La Follette representing the senate and Representative Underwood for the house.

La Follette in Control.

Mr. La Follette absolutely controls the destinies of the two bills. It is admitted by the Democrats that he will dictate the compromise measure. He is reported to be standing out for 35 per cent on raw wool and corresponding duties on the manufacture of wool.

A turn has been given to the situation by the reported determination of the sub-committee on conference to report the farmers' free list bill first. That, it is said, is to deprive the President of the privilege of invoking the forthcoming report of the tariff board as a reason for vetoing any general tariff bill. The board has not been asked to report to congress on the farmers' list or the tariff generally. It has been instructed to report in December on the wool schedule. The President, it is said, intended to assign that as a justification for vetoing a wool bill in advance of the report from the tariff board as to what would be a scientific revision of schedule K.

Wisconsin Leader's Stand.

Senator La Follette believes that it will be several days before an agreement is reached in the conference. His closest friends believe that while the senator is sincere in his contention that the duties should be as carried in the senate bill, namely 35 per cent on raw wool and corresponding duties on the manufactured products, they expect him to agree if necessary to a 30 per cent duty on the raw material and corresponding reductions from the duties given in the La Follette bill on the manufactured product.

KAISER SENDS COUSIN TO U. S.

Assigns Prince Friedrich Hohenzollern to Eastern American Station.

Berlin, August 7.—Prince Friedrich Hohenzollern, one of the favorite cousins of the kaiser, has been assigned to duty in the eastern American station of the German navy, which comprises the Atlantic ocean. He will sail this month on the cruiser Victoria Luise for the Unite States. His term of service will extend over the winter.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., August 8.—In face of strength abroad and the northwest situation, wheat opened ¼c lower today and was easy most of the early hours. There was a disposition to sell among the Chicago trade early and this accounted to a great extent for the soft tone. Liverpool responded to black rust reports in America by opening with considerable strength. The local elevator situation was relieved somewhat by the loading of about 90,000 bushels for export trade. Toledo cash opened at 92c, September at 93⅞c, December at 98c and May at $1.03⅛c.

Wheat displayed periods of strength from time time to time, but, on the whole, the course was downward throughout the day Cash closed ¾c off at 91½c, September ¾c down at 93¼c December ⅝c off at 97⅛c, and May ½c lower at 102⅞.

Opening as follows, corn showed a loss of about ½c; September 68⅛c, December 62½c, May 64⅞c. Weather continues favorable throughout most of the belt.

Corn closes: Cash 66½c, September 67c, December 63¼c, May 65⅜c.

Oats followed other grains, the opening being about ¼c lower, September started at 42⅝c, December 45c, May 47¾c.

Cash oats finished at 41c, September 42⅝c, December 45¼c, May 48¼c.

Cash clover seed opened 10c up at $11.70 and the futures 5c higher at $11.40.

At the close, clover seed was about 5c below the previous close.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Aug. 8.	Close Aug. 7.
Wheat—					
Cash	92	92¼	91	91½	92¼
Sept.	93¾	....	93	93¼	94
Dec.	98	....	....	97¼	97⅜
May	1.03⅛	....	1.02½	1.02⅞	1.03⅝
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	66½	66½
Sept.	66¼	....	....	67	66⅝
Dec.	62½	....	....	63¼	62⅝
May	64⅞	....	....	65⅜	65⅛
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	41	41
Sept.	42⅝	42¾	42½	42⅝	43
Dec.	45	....	....	45¼	45¼
May	47⅜	....	....	48¼	48
Clover Seed—					
Cash	11.70	....	....	11.60	11.60
Oct.	11.45	....	....	11.40	11.45
Dec.	11.45	....	....	11.35	11.40
March	11.45	....	....	11.35	11.40
No. 2	....	....	....	11.15	....
No. 3	....	....	....	10.90	....
Rejected	....	....	....	10.65	....
N. E. G.	....	....	....	10.00@6.00	
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	84	83
Sept.	....	....	....	85	84
Timothy—					
Aug.	....	....	....	6.40	6.40
Sept.	....	....	....	6.15	6.10
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	9.60	9.50
Aug.	....	....	....	9.60	9.50
Dec.	....	....	....	9.65	9.60
March	....	....	....	9.75	9.70

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Sept.	93¼	93⅝	92½	92½	93⅝
Dec.	97½	98	96½	96⅝	97½
May	1.03¼	1.03⅝	1.02	1.02½	1.03
Corn—					
Sept.	64⅞	65	64⅝	64⅞	64⅜
Dec.	62	....	61⅝	62½	61⅜
May	64¼	....	63⅝	64⅝	63⅛
Oats—					
Sept.	42	42¼	41½	41⅞	42¼
Dec.	44¼	....	43⅞	44½	44⅜
May	47	47½	46⅝	47⅝	47

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Sept.	98⅝	....	97⅝	97⅝	98⅝
Dec.	....	....	....	1.02⅛	1.02⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Sept.	90	90⅜	....	89⅝	90⅛
Dec.	95⅛	....	....	94⅝	95⅛

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Sept.	....	....	....	1.03⅞	1.03⅛
Dec.	....	....	....	1.05⅛	1.06⅛

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Sept.	....	....	....	1.05⅝	1.06⅝

WINNIPEG.

Wheat—					
Oct.	....	....	....	99½	1.00⅛
Dec.	....	....	....	99	99⅝

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Sept.	18.00	....	17.92	17.92	17.85
Jan.	16.70	16.72	16.57	16.60	16.65
Lard—					
Sept.	9.12	....	....	9.05	9.12
Oct.	9.17	....	....	9.07	9.15
Jan.	8.82	....	8.75	8.77	8.80
Ribs—					
Sept.	9.50	....	9.40	9.42	9.45
Oct.	9.32	9.35	9.25	9.30	9.30
Jan.	8.50	....	....	8.40	9.47

New York Stocks.

New York, August 8.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Atl. Coast Line	128	128	125	125
Am. Loco. com	38¼	38¼	38	38
Atchison	109⅝	109⅝	107	108⅞
Am. Car. & F. Co.	54	54	53½	53½
Anaconda	37	37	36⅜	36⅝
Amal. Copper	64⅜	64⅜	63	63⅜
Am. Smelters	70	70	72⅞	73⅞
Am. Tel. & Tel.	135¼	135¼	134⅞	135⅛
Am. Tobacco pfd.	93	93	93	93
Am. Beet Sugar	52½	52½	49¾	51¼
Biscuit com.	133½	133½	133½	133½
Balt. & Ohio	103⅜	103⅜	103¼	103⅜
B'lyn R. Trans.	78½	78½	77	77¾
Can. I. Pipe pfd.	53	53	53	53
Beth. Steel com.	32¾	33	32	33
Canadian Pac.	243	243	238½	240¾
Clover Leaf	20¼	20⅜	20¼	20⅜
Clover Leaf pfd.	46¼	46¼	44⅜	44⅝
Colorado Fuel	31	31	30	30
Ches. & Ohio	78	78	76½	77⅜
Central Leather	27½	27½	27½	27½
Consolidated Gas	141⅜	141⅜	140¼	140¾
Can pfd.	85	85½	84½	84⅝
Distillers Sec.	33	33	32⅞	32⅞
Erie com.	33¼	33¼	32	32⅞
Erie 1st pfd.	53	53½	52¼	52⅜
Gt. Northern pfd.	130	130	126½	128
Gt. Northern Ore	54	54	52½	52⅞
Ill. Central	139⅜	139⅜	139	139
Int. Harvester com.	118½	118½	118	118
Interborough com.	17¼	17¼	16¾	16¾
Interborough pfd.	46½	46½	45½	45½
K. C. Sou. com.	32½	32⅝	32½	32⅝
Louis. & Nash.	147	147¼	145½	145⅞
Laclede Gas	104¾	104¾	104¼	104½
Mex. Marine pfd.	16	16	16	16
Missouri Pacific	46	46	44½	45
M. S. M.	135	135	134½	135½
M. K. & T. com.	33¾	33¾	33⅜	33⅝
Nor. Pacific	125⅝	125⅝	122⅞	124
Natl Lead	53¾	54	52¾	52¾
Nevada Cons.	18¾	18¾	17⅝	17⅝
Northwestern	143	143	142⅜	142½
North Am. Co.	72⅜	72⅜	72⅜	72⅝
N. Y. Central	107	107⅛	105½	106¼
N. & W. com.	105	105	104¼	104⅝
N. Y. & W. Con. 4s	105¼	105¼	104⅞	104⅞
Ont. & Western	41⅝	41⅝	40¾	41¾
Pr Steel Car com.	34	34	34	34
Penn. Ry.	122	122	121	122
Pacific Mail	31	31	29⅜	29⅜
People's Gas Co.	113⅛	113⅛	112	112
Reading	153¼	153¼	150	151½
Rock Island	29½	29½	28½	29¼
Rock Island pfd	59	59¼	57	57
Rep. I & S. Co.	28½	28½	28	28
Rep. Pref.	93⅝	93⅝	93⅝	93¾
Ry. Steel Spgs.	34	34	34	34
So.	30½	30½	29½	30¼
So. Ry. pfd.	71	71	70½	70½
St. Paul	124¼	124¾	121¾	123
Sou. Pacific	119	119	117	118¼
So. Pac. Con. 4's	98	98	97¾	97¾
Tol. Rys. & Lt.	63⅝	63⅝	63⅝	63⅝
Tenn. Copper	35⅞	35⅞	34	34⅜
Union Pacific	183⅜	183⅜	183	181¼
Union Pacific pfd.	93	93	93	93
Un. Pac. Con. 4's	106½	106½	105⅝	106
U. S. Steel	75⅝	75⅝	73½	74⅜
U. S. Steel pfd.	117¼	117¼	115¾	116¼
U. S. Steel 5's	104¼	104¼	104¼	104⅛
U. S. Rubber com.	37½	37½	37⅜	37⅜
Utah Copper	46¼	46¼	45¾	45¾
Virginia Chem.	56½	56½	55⅜	55⅜
West Md.	60¾	60¾	59¾	60
Wabash com	15	15¼	15	15⅛
Wabash pfd	32¾	32¾	32	32
Western Union	76½	76½	75	76¼

Money and Stocks.

New York, August 8.—(Wall Street.)—Guided by London, where prices in the international list ranged from 1 point to 1½ above parity, the local stock market opened active and strong. Union Pacific was the feature, with a 1-point gain on sales of 3,500 shares. Bethlehem Steel gained a point and material fractional advances were made by Southern Pacific, General Electric, Norfolk & Western and other active issues. Canadian Pacific was off ¾ point and Colorado Southern 1.

Stocks were offered freely on the advance and a large part of the initial gains was soon wiped out, some issues going under yestrday's close. There was moderate pressure against the Hill issues, St. Paul, the coalers, Pennsylvania and Atchison. Trading diminished on the decline but the list as a whole was steady.

The list again developed a sagging tendency toward noon, prices falling all around on relatively small offerings. The Harriman and Hill shares; Reading and other speculative issues fell below the previous day's final quotations. The decline doubtless was due to selling for the short accounts which seemed to get their courage from an inertia on the rise. There were reports of private settlements between certain large bull operators and bankers resulting from the market's recent reaction. Bonds were steady.

The selling increased during midday and further recessions were scored. Weakness was most marked in some of the Standard trailrs, including Wisconsin Central, which declined 4⅜; Toledo, St. Louis & Western pfd., Colorado Southern, Missouri Pacific and others in this same group. The presumption was that these stocks were being unloaded to meet pressing necessities of the moment.

The market seemed to fall of its own weight, but received material assistance from the short accounts which became bolder as prices declined. New low records for the movement were general and the selling was evidently of an urgent character. Amalgamated Copper fell with the rest of the list despite the favorable July statement of output. Losses at 2 to 3 ran from 5 1-4 in Canadian P. of to 2 or 3 points elsewhere in the active list. Fractional rallies followed, but in the absence of anything denoting substantial support was clearly evident.

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, August 8.—Hog receipts were light and the market 10c to 15c higher. Local packers bought freely. Close was strong. Everything else was steady.

Hogs—Selected heavies, $7.80@7.85; good mediums, $7.80@7.85; heavy yorkers, $7.85@7.90; light yorkers, $7.80@7.90; good pigs, $7.75@7.90; bulk of sales, $7.85; good mixed, $7.80@7.85; stags and roughs, $5.00@6.85.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $5.75@6.00; good to choice, $5.25@5.90; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200 lbs., $6.50@6.75; fair to good, 900 to 1,100 lbs., $5.25@5.50; common and light steers, $4.50@5.00; choice fat cows, $4.00@4.50; fair to good cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $3.00@3.50; canners and cutters, $2.25@3.00; bulls, $4.25@4.50; fair to good bologna, $3.50@4.00; common, $3.50@4.00; choice fat heifers, $5.00@5.50; fair to good heifers, $4.50@5.00; common and light heifers, $4.00@4.50; good to choice feeding steers, $4.50@5.25; fair to good feeders, $4.50@5.00; stockers, good to choice, $4.25@4.50; stockers, common to fair, $4.00@4.25; milkers and springers, $25.00@50.00.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $3.50@3.75; good to choice mixed, $3.00@3.50; fair to good, $2.50@3.00; culls and common, $1.50@2.00; clipped lambs, $5.00@5.50; common to fair, $4.00@5.00; yearlings, $3.00@4.75; top lambs, $6.00@6.25.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $8.00; fair to good, $6.50@7.50; common to light, $5.50@6.00; heavy and pailed, $4.00@5.00.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, August 8.—Cattle—Receipts estimated at 4,000, market steady; beeves $5.00@7.50; Texas steers $4.50@6.15; western steers $4

AMERICA LEADS WAY TO UNIVERSAL PEACE

France Signs Agreement to Arbitrate All International Disputes at the Hague or Other Special Tribunal.

Washington, August 3.—Three of the world's greatest nations, with the United States as the central figure and moving spirit, join hands today in opening the way to the coveted goal of statesmen of modern times—universal peace.

Secretary of State Knox, for America, and Ambassador Byree for Great Britain, signed the Anglo-American pact and Secretary Knox and Ambassador Jusserond the Franco-American treaty.

To Jean Jules Jusserand came the signal honor of signing the treaty between the United States and France 6 hours ahead of the signing of the treaty between the United States and Great Britain. This distinction is possibly of more personal satisfaction than that gained from having been the first foreign diplomat to come forward with a tentative acceptance of President Taft's informal proposal to all nations for just such a treaty as has been concluded.

Throughout the negotiations comparatively little was heard of the part taken by Ambassador Jusserand in forwarding the great movement. The negotiations with Great Britain had taken foremost place in the news concerning the treaties and it was not known that France had actually begun negotiations until formal announcement was made by Secretarf Knox last May.

Was Tennis Cabinet Man.

It was the British government which took the initiative in negotiating for general arbitration, although France was the first to recognize the possibility of such an agreement.

Ambassador Jusserand has been accredited to Washington since 1902. During the Roosevelt administration he was a member of the so-called "Tennis cabinet."

The general features of the new treaties are:

"All differences internationally justiciable shall be submitted to the Hague, unless by special agreement some other tribunal is created or selected.

Differences that either country thinks are not justiciable shall be referred to a commission of inquiry composed of nationals of the two governments, empowered to make recommendations for the settlement. Should the commission decide that the dispute should be arbitrated, such decision will be binding.

Before arbitration is resorted to, even in cases where both countries agree that the difference is susceptible of arbitration, the commission of inquiry shall investigate the dispute with a view of recommending a settlement without arbitration.

The conventions grew directly out of President Taft's speech in Washington December 18 last before the American Society for the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes, in which he said:

"If now we can negotiate and put through a positive agreement with some great nation to abide the adjudication of an international arbitral court in every issue which cannot be settled by negotiation, no matter what it involves, whether honor, territory, or money, we shall have made a long step forward by demonstrating that it is possible for two nations at least to establish, as between them, the same system of due process of law that exists between individuals under a government."

The ceremony in France of affixing the signature to the unprecedented document was simplicity itself, but marked with a solemnity reflected in to take part.

They met at the ministry of foreign affairs in the office of A. Mollard, chief of the protocol. The treaty was signed for France by Jean Jules Jusserand, the French Ambassador to the United States, and in the presence of Robert Bacon, American ambassador at Paris; Arthur Bailey-Blanchard, secretary of the American embassy Eugene Pierre, secretary general of the president of the French chamber of deputies and Gaston Douchement, assistant chief of the protocol, who officiated in the absence of M. Mollard.

His Favorite Pen.

When the party was complete, M. Jusserand seated himself at a desk and once more carefully read the parchment. Then, taking from his pocket his favorite pen, which he had used so frequently in arranging the final phrasing of the international pact, affixed his name as the representative of the French nation.

A few monents later the French diplomat and Mr. Bacon, who had labored together for weeks drafting the final text, emerged from the room and smilingly announced to the representatives of the press that the momentous document had been signed.

A copy of the treaty as signed will be forwarded immediately to Washington in exchange for the copy signed at the American capital this afternoon by Philander C. Knox, the American secretary of state. The government has definitely decided not to publish the text of the treaty until it has been given out at Washington. Ambassador Jusserand will leave tonight for Denmark for a vacation.

GERMANY ACCEPTS LEISHMAN

Emperor Signifies Satisfaction at Proposed Appointment.

Berlin, August 4.—Germany has accepted John G. A. Leishman as ambassador from the United States at Berlin. Emperor William, immediately upon receiving the proposal of Washington, telegraphed his reply to the foreign office from the grand duchy of Mecklenberg, where he is touring. The action taken is almost unprecedented in promptness.

It can be stated that Major Von Kiderlen Waechter, the German secretary of foreign affairs, who has a personal acquaintance with Mr. Leishman, is much pleased with his apopintment.

MORE OHIO POSTAL BANKS

Washington, August 8.—Postal savings banks have been ordered established at the following Ohio cities:

September 5.—Delaware, Marysville, Napoleon, St. Mary's, Van Wert.

September 8—Greenville, Jefferson, Sebring, Wauseon and Wellston.

SINCLAIR OUT OF JAIL

Does His Bit on Stone Pile and Refuses to Eat or Sleep.

The following poem was written by Upton Sinclair, the author, while in the Newcastle, Del., workhouse. He worked with a pencil and a bit of paper he had stolen from the warden's office:

THE MENAGERIE.

Oh, come, ye lords and ladies of the realm,
Come from your couches soft, your perfumed halls,
Come watch with me throughout the weary hours.
Here are there sounds to fill your jaded nerves
Such as the cave man, your forefathers, heard,
Crouching in forests of primeval night.
Here tier on tier on tier in steel barred cages pent
The beasts ye breed and hunt throughout the world.
Hark to that snore—some beast that slumbers deep;
Hark to that roar—some beast that dreams of blood;
Hark to that moan—some beast that wakes and weeps
And there in sudden stillness mark the sound—
Some beast that rasps his vermin-haunted hide.
Oh, come, ye lords and ladies of the realm,
Come keep the watch with me—the show is yours.
Behold the source of all your joy and pride;
These beasts ye harness fast and set to draw
The chariots of your pageantry and pomp.
It is their blood ye shed to make your feasts.
It is their treadmill that moves all your world.
Come sit and think how it will be with you
When God shall send his flaming angel down
And break these bars—so hath he done of yore,
So doeth he to lords and ladies grand
Who feed upon the blood of other men—
And loose these hearts to raven in your streets.

Wilmington, Del., August 3.—The clash of Upton Sinclair and nine of his companion dwellers in the single tax colony at Arden with the old Delaware blue laws ended temporarily at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon when Sinclair and nine others marched out of the Newcastle county workhouse after serving sentences of 18 hours at hard labor for playing tennis on Sunday, in the cases of nine of the prisoners, and for selling ice cream on Sunday in the case of the tenth.

All the prisoners agreed as they left the prison that their tilt with the blue laws was by no means concluded and that they will give the old statutes such an advertising before they are through that Delaware will be very much ashamed before her sister states to confess that they are on the statute books.

Incidentally, they vowed that there would never be another moment's peace in the village of Arden for the complainant in the case, George Brown, "a philosophical anarchist," who invoked the blue laws against his companions because they would not let him discuss race suicide in their open forums when women of the colony were present.

Sinclair Denounces Brown.

Sinclair denounced Brown this afternoon as a man who was no single-taxer and had no business in the colony. He said that with his anarchistic ideas he came there merely because the living conditions were pleasant under the very mild requirements of the 99-year lease, without interest, enjoyed through the bounty of the millionaire single taxer, Joseph Fels.

Through the 18 hours he remained in durance vile the dominating thought in the mind of Sinclair was to obtain a shower bath and to eat a dish of ice cream. The shower bath he obtained at the conclusion of his term at the rock pile, which Warden Crawford, of the prison, kindly made an hour shorter than the term required of ordinary prisoners. The ice cream he secured an hour later, after he had taken a trolley into Wilmington.

EDITORS IN FAVOR OF TARIFF BILLS

Chicago Tribune Finds Majority Would Have Taft Sign Them.

Chicago, August 8.—The Chicago Tribune presents in today's issue a poll of editors of the middle west, giving their position on tariff reduction lines now in congress.

Over 1,100 telegrams were sent Saturday night to the editors in 12 states, asking them to reply at once by wire to the following questions:

"In your judgment, should President Taft sign the wool bill, the farmers' free list bill and the cotton bill?

"Do you believe the President should veto these bills and wait for reports from the tariff commission on which scientific reduction can be based?"

Republicans Favor Veto.

The telegrams were sent to states in the two divisions of the United States known by the federal census as the "east north central" and "west north central" divisions. The states included are: Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin. Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota and North Dakota. They include one-fourth of the population of the nation and are the great agricultural states, supposedly most insistent upon the tariff changes because of a desire to compensate for the alleged adverse effects of reciprocity upon their products.

Majority for Signing.

The poll shows a majority in favor of the signing of the bills by the President, but it shows an overwhelming majority of Republicans against such action. Democratic editors voted almost solidly along party lines, but the Republican and independent respondents were badly split. The majority of them, however, were lined up behind the President and the tariff commission.

A summary of the poll follows:

	Asked.	Answered.	Veto.	Sign.
Republican	698	285	184	101
Democratic	258	110	3	107
Independent	149	66	21	45
Totals	1,105	461	208	253

Political Expediency Cited.

An analysis of the answers of the Republicans who are in favor of the signing of the bills makes it evident that a considerable number of them would support the President heartily if he should see fit to veto them.

These are men who base their desire for the signing of the bills on the ground of political expediency and not on any definite conviction that it would be the most logical or most just thing to do, or the thing which would be best for the country.

Their feeling seems to be that if he does not do it he will furnish campaign material for his enemies and that for that reason he should sign the bills.

States Evenly Split on Question.

The states are evenly split on the question, six giving a majority in favor of their veto. Four of the former are particularly interesting—North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska and Minnesota, the grain states nearest Canada and presumably most affected by reciprocity. In these states not only is there a majority in favor of the signing of the bills, but it is a majority not due to the votes of Democratic editors. The Republicans of North Dakota, for instance, are more than 3 to 1 in favor of the signing of the bills.

BETRAYS LOVER AS SPY

Kentucky Girl Tells War Department Private Is Austrian Count.

Washington, August 7.—Betrayed as a spy by the woman to whom he was engaged, Private "George Peters" has the war department perturbed as it has not been in a similar way for years.

Captain James Watson, the army recruiting officer at Indianapolis, has advised the department that he holds affidavits accusing Peters of being an Austrian secret agent. The department is working on the charges to determine a course of action.

First Under New Law.

This is the first case coming under the law passed at the last session of congress to prevent the disclosure of National defense secrets. This act is very broad in its provisions and is applicable to all attempts to secure military information improperly. Any one who endeavors to procure such data can be fined $1,000 or imprisoned for one year or both. If an attempt is made to communicate any secrets of defense to a foreign government the maximum punishment is 10 years.

One of the papers in possession of Captain Watson is an affidavit of Miss Clara A. Dyer, who had previously inquired about obtaining Peters' release from the army. She said Peters was stationed at Fort Totten, N. Y., in the 135th company, coast artillery corps, and that he was an Austrian spy sent to the United States to obtain the secret of manufacturing the powerful explosive used by the United States government.

Miss Dyer claimed she met Peters on an ocean liner en route from Europe last September and later during a visit of Peters to her home at Philpot, Ky., had become engaged to him. The girl turned over a number of letters from Peters in which he told of his plans. Peters' real name, she said, was Count Windisch-Graetz, whose home is at Prague, Bohemia.

FRANCE BELIEVES TREATY SPELLS THE END OF WAR IN ALL NATIONS

Paris, August 3.—The signing of the treaty is hailed in France as meaning the extension of a movement in all countries for the reduction of armaments and the absolute prevention of wars. The general view is that a tremendous impetus has been given to the world-wide peace campaign.

The Figaro in a long study of the situation, declares that if the other nations do not join the movement, those who have pledged for arbitration should adopt the principle of boycotting by inserting a clause in the international agreements providing that they shall suspend all relations of commerce, transportation and postal intercourse with any country warring upon one of the signers.

For example, the paper says that if the United States, France and Great Britain should boycott Germany by refusing all relations with her, the action would be certain to cause the confusion and ruin of that nation.

"By boycotting," the Figaro adds, "we obtain obligatory arbitration and then the limitation of armaments."

The Matin says:

"Public opinion will note with lively satisfaction the new and intimate bond established between France and the great and generous people of the United States, who have not ceased to exhibit the warmest and most sincere friendship as a souvenir of the aid which we gave 135 years ago at the moment of America's emancipation."

Here's Farmers' Free List Bill

Be it enacted by the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America in congress assembled,, that on and after the day following the passage of this act the following articles shall be exempt from duty when imported into the United States.

Plows, tooth and disk harrows, headers, harvesters and binders, reapers, agricultural drills and planters, mowers, horse rakes, cultivators, threshing machines and cotton gins, farm wagons and farm carts, and all other agricultural implements of any kind and description, whether specifically mentioned herein or not, whether in whole or in parts, including repair parts.

Bagging for cotton,gunny cloth, and all similar fabrics, materials, or coverings suitable for coverings and baling cotton, composed in whole or in part of jute, jute butts, hemp, flax, seg, Russian seg, New Zealand tow, Norweglan tow, aloe, mill waste, cotton tares, or any other materials or fibers suitable for covering cotton; and burlaps and bags or sacks composed wholly or in part of jute or burlaps or other material suitable for bagging or sacking agricultural products.

Hoop or band iron, or hoop or band steel, cut to lengths, punched or not punched, or wholly or partly manufactured into hoops or ties, coated with paint or any other preparation, with or without buckles or fastenings for baling cotton or any other commodity; and wire for baling hay, straw and other agricultural products.

Grain, buff, split, rough and sole leather; band, bend or belting leather; boots and shoes; harness, saddles and saddlery, in sets or in parts, finished or unfinished, composed wholly or in chief value of leather, and leather cut into shoe uppers or vamps or other forms suitable for conversion into manufactured articles.

Barbed wire, fence wire, wire rods, wire strands or wire rope, wire woven or manufactured for wire fencing, and other kinds of wire suitable for fencing, including wire staples.

Beef, veal, mutton, lamb, pork and meats of all kinds; fresh, salted, pickled, dried, smoked, dressed or undressed, prepared or preserved in any manner; bacon, hams, shoulders, lard, lard compounds, lard substitutes, sausage and sausage meats, coming from any foreign country with which the United States has a reciprocal trade agreements and which shall admit from the United States free of duty, cotton, corn, wheat, oats, horses, cattle and hogs.

Buckwheat flour, corn meal, wheat, flour and semolina, rye flour, bran, middlings and other offals of grain, oatmeal and rolled oats, and all prepared cereal foods; and biscuits, bread, wafers and similar articles not sweetened, coming from any foreign country with which the United States has reciprocal trade agreement and which shall admit from the United States free of duty cotton, corn, wheat, oats, horses cattle and hogs.

Timber, hewn, sided or squared, round timber used for spars or in building wharves, shingles laths, fencing posts, sawed boards, planks, deals and other lumber, rough or dressed, except boards, planks, deals and other lumber of lignum vitae, lancewood, ebony, box, granadilla, mahogany, rosewood, satinwood and all other cabinet woods.

Sewing machines and all parts thereof.

Salt, whether in bulk or in bags, sacks, barrels, or other packages.

Roman, Portland and other hydraulic cement and lime.

ROOSEVELT AIDED DEAL

Admits He Permitted Absorption of Tennessee Coal & Iron by U. S. Steel Corporation in 1907.

New York, August 5.—Theodore Roosevelt today admitted before the congressional committee which is investigating the steel trust that he had permitted the absorption of the Tennessee Coal & Iron Co. by the United States Steel corporation after a conference with Messrs. Gary and Frick, of the corporation.

Mr. Roosevelt declared that he had acted for the public good and that his purpose had been to prevent a financial panic.

The colonel read his statement. "It was the utmost duty of the administration," he read, "to prevent by all means the spread of the panic before it became a disaster."

The secretary of the treasury and himself, he said, were constantly in touch on the situation. During that time he learned that two members of the United States Steel Corporation wished to see him in the morning. At breakfast the next day he was informed that Judge Gary and Mr. H. C. Frick were waiting to see him.

Sends for Root.

"I sent a note to Secretary Root to come over," the former president read, "and he arrived at the White House."

The conference was brief, Mr. Roosevelt explained, and he wrote a note to Mr. Bonaparte stating all the facts of the conference.

He then read to the committee the letter, afterwards publisehd in the senate records of the hearing on the Tennessee Coal & Iron case in 1909. The letter set forth how Mr. Frick and Mr. Gary had submitted the proposition for the sale of the Tennessee Co. and how he had expressed the opinion that he did not wish to stand in way of saving a financial panic. The firm that was in trouble, Mr. Roosevelt said, had not been mentioned.

Mr. Roosevelt then went on to read his statement, going into details about the serious financial conditions in New York, and told how he had taken the responsibility to permit the transfer of the steel company and did it on his own initiative.

"It was a matter of general knowledge," he said, referring to banks and trust companies in danger in New York, "that they held securities of the Tennessee Coal & Iron Co., which had no market value."

To Act at Once.

The proposition of Messrs. Gary and Frick, was, he continued, that the United States Steel corporation should take over the Tennessee Coal & Iron Co. at once.

"It was necessary for me to act at once," said the former president, "to act at once before the stock exchange opened, or the transaction might prove useless."

He said he was satisfied that the acquirement by the Steel corporation of the Tennessee Coal & Iron Co. did not change the legal status of the corporation.

For Public Good.

"Furthermore, I believed it would be for the public good," continued Mr. Roosevelt.

"I answered Messrs. Gary and Frick that if matters were in such a state I did not want to stand in the way, and the results proved that the act was a good one because the panic was stopped."

Mr. Roosevelt further said that he had learned that the action was of great benefit to the people of the Birmingham district.

"I should have proved an unworthy public officer if I had not done as i did."

BOY TELL OF PERIL

Joseph Clary, Imprisoned 72 Hours Underground, Describes His Sensations.

Joplin, Mo., August 4.—Alive, well and protesting against being "handled like a baby," Joseph Clary, the 23-year-old son of Thomas Clary, a pioneer zinc and lead operator, who was rescued from the White Oak mine, in which he had been entombed 72 hours, has written for The Blade the following account of his experience:

By Joseph Clary.

I wasn't scared from the first. When the ground slid I stood to one side. The roof of the drift, a little way back, was of solid limestone, and I knew this wouldn't cave in. The air wasn't extra good at first, and it kept getting worse. I wasn't excited, because I knew they would begin looking for me. It seemed like an age down there in the dark before I heard a thumping above my head, and then I guessed what was going on.

I knew they were drilling a hole to give me air. How long it was before the pounding of the drill seemed to come in almost upon me and then suddenly cease I didn't know, but it seemed as though it might have been Monday morning. (It was really midnight Sunday).

The First Fresh Air.

After the pounding of the drill had ceased it dawned upon me that the hole had missed. It seemed another age before I again heard sounds. This time the pounding of the drill was even plainer than before, and the hole came in at one side of the drift away back between cracks in the wall. I could hear it grinding in there and no sooner was it withdrawn than it seemed that a flood of fresh air swept in beside me. It was beginning to feel pretty stuffy when the fresh air came. I judged this occurred late Monday night. (The real time was Monday morning).

Then the sound of drilling became far away (due to the fact that the rescuers, ignorant of the fact that the second hole had come so near to the drift, moved the third hole five feet due west directly away from Clary's tomb). I could still hear faint sounds of drilling, but I thought they had moved the drill to the north side of the ground and were trying to drill into the old north drift. I lost all idea of time, but it seemed much longer than it really was.

I found a dry ledge at the south part of the drift and I got several pretty good sleeps, although I was getting mighty hungry. I would have eaten a plug of tobacco if I had had it.

Enjoyed Despised Milk.

The best thing of all was when the drill (the fourth one sunk, which was five feet due east of the second hole) punctured a hole in the roof the drift, away down toward the shaft. I had to wade in water to my waist to get there. It sounded good, I can tell you, to hear some one shout down to me, and that first drink of milk and whiskey I got was the finest thing I ever tasted, and at that they can't get me to drink milk at home.

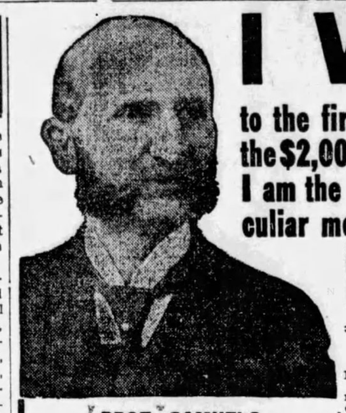
I was a bit scared when the cave-in came, but had presence of mind enough to run into the drift. I escaped uninjured. When I realized I was buried in the drift I just took things easy. I knew the boys would get me out as soon as they could reach me.

As I stood under the drill hole the water reached my breast. When I went to the end of the drift the water could not reach me, for the ground was higher there. I spent my time on the dry end of the drift.

Could Not Locate Sounds.

All the time they were drilling I heard the sounds of the bit, but in the darkness could not locate them.

The second drill hole cut into the side of the drift, but it seemed impossible for me to find it. I felt the fresh air and shouted as loud as I could, but the boys could not hear me. Then I heard the drill start in a location and I knew it was impossible to make them hear.



PROF. SAMUELS,
Scientist and Originator of Samuel's Systematic Treatment.

I WILL PAY $2,000

to the first person proving these letters are not absolutely genuine. I have deposited the $2,000.00 in the MERCHANTS STATE BANK of Wichita, Kansas, for that purpose. I am the originator and only living man in the world practicing my strange and peculiar method of healing. I have thousands of patients in the United States---patients in every State in the Union, and many foreign countries. Read their letters and form your own opinion. --PROF. SAMUELS.

LUNG TROUBLE.
Newton, Kas., March 12, 1910.
I feel it is my duty to tell you what wonderful good Prof. Samuels' treatment has done for me. I had suffered with lung trouble for eight years, and had hemorrhages almost every day. I took the treatment faithfully for one year, and gave it a thorough trial, and have never had a hemorrhage since taking it. I began to gain after the first month, and am now in better health than for years. Any help or reference I can give to those wishing to know of this strange treatment I will gladly give. Yours faithfully,
MRS. C. C. McDANIEL.
662½ Main Street.

NEURALGIA AND STOMACH TROUBLE.
Oswego, Kas., October 24, 1909.
Prof. Samuels.
Dear Sir:—I received your letter quite a few days ago, but have put off answering it. I certainly am very thankful to you for the good and great benefit I have derived from the use of the treatment prescribed by you.
What I suffered before I wrote you in regard to your method of treatment is beyond me to describe. The comfort I have now in living and being able to go about and enjoy my food and drink as others do, is simply wonderful.
I lost 16 pounds of flesh from early spring until after I had taken your treatment probably about a little over three weeks; then I commenced to gain, and now have regained 8 pounds of the 16. On the whole, I consider myself as wonderfully blessed and extend to you my sincere thanks. Very gratefully and respectfully,
MRS. C. E. COLEMAN.
Oswego, Kas., Box 403.

DEAFNESS.
Baynesville, Kas., July 19, 1909.
Prof. Samuels.
Dear Sir:—Will write you about my child. She is getting along fine. She seems to hear as good as she ever did, but she is still using the medicine for complete cure. How much longer do you think she will need to use the medicine? She hears all right now, but if you think she should still use the medicine please send the same, as you have been. Yours respectfully,
W. H. SCHULTE.

PARALYSIS AND GENERAL TROUBLE.
Opelousas, La., June 21, 1910.
Prof. H. Samuels.
Dear Sir:—I have received and began taking your treatment on the 9th inst., and I am proud to say that I received beneficial results in twenty-four hours after the first dose. My eyesight has improved a hundred per cent; my pains in all my limbs have been greatly relieved. In fact, all my ills are relieved; I feel altogether much better.
I desire to thank you heartily for the relief you have procured me, and trust it will continue for the better, until a permanent cure is effected.
You will find enclosed names of persons affected with chronic diseases. I have also given your name and address to several other parties, whom you must have heard from by this time.
Thanking you again, I am, Yours gratefully,
(Signed) D. F. DUPRE.
Opelousas, La. R. No. 2.

STOMACH.
Chicago, Ill., Sept. 22, 1910.
Prof. Samuels.
Dear Sir:—Have now been using last month's treatment. I am feeling fine, so I do not think I need use any more medicine just now. My stomach trouble, as well as other ailments, are all gone, so I am at present enjoying the best of health.
My heartiest thanks to you for your wonderful medicine. Respectfully yours,
(Signed) CHARLES PETERSON.
No. 5414 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

KIDNEYS.
Chelan, Wash., Sept. 19, 1910.
Prof. Samuels.
Dear Sir:—I have been away from home for some time, and, as the letter was not sent to me, I did not receive it until a short time ago. I am very sorry, and had I been at home you would have heard from me sooner.
I am entirely cured, and do not need any more of your treatments.
Thanking you very much for your kindness, and wishing you success, believe me, I am, Yours very truly,
(Signed) MRS. D. L. CLEMER.

CATARRH OF STOMACH.
Shamrock, Tex., March 23, 1910.
Prof. H. Samuels:—Enclosed find money for a month's treatment, which I think will be all I will need, as I am as well as I ever was and in one more month I think I will be cured. I am, Yours truly,
(Signed) MRS. T. H. SPOON.

BLIND AND DEAF.
Llamo, Tex., May 18, 1910.
Dear Sir:—I think my husband, Mr. Kuffman, is improving fast, as he can now see out of his blind eye, and his hearing is improved. You will find inclosed money for another month's treatment. You will please send it in my name, Mrs. E. P. Kuffman, and oblige.
(Signed) MRS. E. P. KUFFMAN.

LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE.
Monett, Mo., Oct. 31, 1910.
Prof. H. Samuels.
Dear Friend:—Four weeks ago yesterday I received your medicine, and commenced treatment by directions, and have found myself benefited very much, and I have one-half bottle yet. I will not need any more at present, as I will wait a few days and see if it is going to hold my health good. If not, will send for more, as it is surely the finest treatment that the human family has ever taken. Respectfully yours,
(Signed) JOHN B. WITHERS.

KIDNEY AND STOMACH TROUBLE.
Bruce, S. D., Oct. 23, 1910.
Prof. Samuels.
Dear Sir:—I received your letter quite a few days ago, but have put off answering it.
I certainly am very thankful to you for the good and great benefit I have derived from the use of the treatment prescribed by you. What I suffered before I commenced to take your method of treatment is beyond me to describe. The comfort I have now in living and being able to go about and enjoy my food and drink as others do is simply wonderful. I extend to you my sincere thanks. Very gratefully and respectfully,
MRS. WILLAN HOFFMAN.
Bruce, S. Dak., R. No. 2.

EYE AND GENERAL TROUBLE.
Willmarth, Fla., Sept. 15, 1910.
Prof. H. Samuels:—I can't fully explain to you how much good your treatment has done me.
I am doing well now, and not in a position to take treatment longer, although I expected to take treatment three months if I could have done it. I am willing to tell anyone that if they take the treatment according to directions it will do all you claim for it.
BETTY GRANT.

GAINS RAPIDLY.
Jacksonville, Ill., Oct. 16, 1910.
Prof. H. Samuels.
Dear Sir:—Received treatment all O. K. Am still gaining in weight. Have gained 40 pounds since taking your treatment, and feel better than I have for over two years. Sincerely yours,
MRS. R. M. FULLER.

ASTHMA.
Augusta, Kas., Nov. 7, 1909.
Prof. Samuels.
Dear Sir:—Some time last December we brought to you our son, Dandridge Lyon, who was then and had been for some time suffering from a severe case of asthma. After your first treatment he had one slight attack. Your medicine seon relieved him, and since then he has never been troubled with asthma.
He looks much better, and now feels that he is entirely cured. It was the best investment that I ever made. Yours very truly,
W. W. LYON AND WIFE.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE.
Remus, Mich., Sept. 25, 1910.
Prof. H. Samuels.
Dear Sir:—I wish to write you these few lines today for the express purpose of thanking you for your very successful treatment of my wife's sickness, namely Bright's disease. We consider her entirely cured of this dread malady, and can say to any person or persons desiring to benefit themselves in anything of the kind, they would do well to consult you; and we are ready and willing at any time to testify to your ability to do what you claim to do.
So with heartfelt thanks for the great good you have done, I will close by writing myself, Your obedient servant,
(Signed) P. F. BRADLEY.
Remus, Mich., R. No. 4, Box 63.

FROM A PHYSICIAN.
Kildare, Okla., March 3, 1909.
Prof. Samuels.
Dear Sir:—I find your miraculous remedy already helping my nerves. Who shall deny that in not many years to come you shall be regarded as the pioneer of a new and better system of therapeutics, in which the eye, rather than the mouth, shall be regarded as the proper entrance to the internal economy of suffering humanity? When that day arrives those who now cast stones at you will replace those stones with garlands, and will truculently declare: "We always knew he was right." You will, I hope, then remember that one of the first to see the depth and wisdom of your theory was, Yours very gratefully,
VERE V. HUNT, LL.D., M. D.
Formerly Division Surgeon for the Frisco Ry., Kildare, Okla.

TUBERCULOSIS AND TEREGIUM.
Maryville, Mo., June 10, 1910.
Dear Sir:—Find enclosed money, for which please send me another month's treatment of your wonderful remedy, for I certainly think it a godsend to suffering humanity. I have gained fifteen pounds in two months, and feel better than I have for two years. The teregium on my eye is disappearing, and can read large print, such as the headlines of a paper, after being practically blind in it for five years. Yours truly,
L. M. HELMS.
Maryville, Mo., Route 3, Box 44.

EYE TROUBLE.
Wayneka, Okla.
Prof. Samuels.
Dear Sir:—I am glad to tell you that my eyes are as good as they ever were, and as I do not need your medicine any more you do not need to send it. Hoping you may help others as you have helped me, I remain,
LUCIE ULMER.

STOMACH AND KIDNEY TROUBLE.
Smallet, Mo., March 3, 1910.
Prof. H. Samuels.
Kind Sir:—I received your letter a few days ago, in which you ask how I was progressing. I wish to say that I am at present feeling fine in every way, and have been improving in health wonderfully since taking the treatment, of which I commenced on the 3rd of March and just before taking your eye treatment I assure you I was a miserable wreck. Could hardly stir about. Of course I am not entirely well, but at present I feel better than I ever did in my whole life. I could really write several pages in describing my improvement, but I assure you will make a full report at the time I am cured, and will let you know more of my improvement in about two or three weeks. Very truly yours,
PERRY A. McGUIRE.
Smallet, Mo.

ASTHMA.
Burlington Jct., Mo., Oct. 19, 1910.
Prof. H. Samuels.
Dear Sir:—I have been an invalid for twenty-eight years with Asthma or some trouble similar, wherein my breathing was affected. I have tried every remedy known to the M. D.'s, but failed to get only temporary relief from them.
I began treatment with you the latter part of March, and I believe I am cured by your treatment in the last seven months. Respectfully, (Signed) MRS. S. A. SHIEL.
Burlington Junction, Mo.

DEAFNESS CURED.
Connorsville, Ind., Feb. 2, 1911.
Prof. Samuels.
Dear Sir:—From neglect I have not written you, which should have been done some weeks ago, to let you know after waiting so long since having taken the treatment for my failing eyesight, wish to say I can hear as well as I ever did, and the pain in my head is all gone; also the buzzing noise. I can see fine. Of course, I have to use glasses to read or work in, but do not need them for anything else.
Too much cannot be said in favor of your wonderful cure. I heartily recommend you and your treatment to any and all who are afflicted as I have been. Think; I am a man seventy-seven years old, and am very well, indeed. May God continue to bless your way of treating diseases through the eye, is the wish of one who cannot say enough for it. Very truly your friend,
(Signed) ISAAC HAFNER.
No. 213 W. 19th St., Connorsville, Ind.
(General. Two months.)

SERIOUS STOMACH TROUBLE.
Carrollton, Tex., May 27, 1910.
Prof. H. Samuels.
Dear Sir:—I am more than pleased to inform you that I am getting along just fine. I don't suffer but very little, and have got so I can sleep very well. I am well pleased with the medicine, and as I am nearly out of medicine please send me some at once, for I don't want to get without, and oblige. Your friend,
(Signed) C. A. SMITH.

HEALTH RESTORED.
Pilot Butte, July 6, 1910.
Prof. H. Samuels.
Dear Sir:—I guess you will think I have forgotten you, but that will never be. I will never forget the man that saved my life.
Well, I suppose you will be glad when you hear how I am keeping. I am feeling pretty good. Last year at this time I wasn't able to feed myself, and now I can shoulder one hundred and sixty pounds. I think that is pretty good, and I weigh as much as ever I did.
People are surprised to see me look so well.
The crops look fine here. The wheat is all headed out—though we have had some bad storms here, the wind today blowed my drive shed away and broke my buggy. There has been lots of damage done all around us, but it has not hurt the crop yet. Good bye for this time,
from JACOB BITTERIDGE,
Pilot Butte, Sask., Canada.

MY METHOD OF TREATMENT

The method of treatment which I have originated is a strange and peculiar method, differing from anything else used by any living man in the treatment of diseases. I do not use drastic drugs and medicines that doctors depend upon.

Men who are familiar with the chemistry of the human body understand that only the chemical elements used in the creation of the body are required to restore it to health when once its functional power becomes impaired. Nature does not require a mass of drugs dumped into the stomach, which merely represent an accumulation of foreign substances which must eventually be eliminated from the system. When Mother Nature created mankind she used no mercury, no strychnine, no quinine, no digitalis, no morphine or other poisonous chemicals such as the doctors delight to prescribe for you, and she needs none of them to accomplish any restorative work that may be necessary in your behalf.

My results are obtained by dropping a colorless liquid which I prepare into the eye. Strange as it may seem, so-called incurable cases of **Consumption, Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Epileptic Fits, Nervous Prostration, Heart Disease, Asthma, Hay Fever, Blindness, Deafness, Liver Trouble, Kidney Trouble, Stomach Trouble and Catarrh** are treated in this apparently miraculous way. My system is based absolutely on scientific principles. The eye is the window of the soul. I have evolved a system of treating other bodily ills based upon the relation of the eye to the system as a whole. This may seem strange, but my thousands of patients testify to the value of my treatment.

If you are sick or ailing you will find something in my Message of Facts, which I am sending free to everyone, that will greatly interest you. I explain my method of healing and give you absolute proof of its value. If you are tired of taking strong drugs into the stomach, if you have gotten to the point where you believe there is no hope, if you have tried all kinds of treatment your doctor could suggest without its benefiting you, write me today for my Message of Facts. It tells you something about the peculiar liquid which I prepare, and of a more scientific and more natural method of treatment. Send me the coupon properly filled out or send me your name and address on a postcard and my "Message of Facts" will be sent you by return mail free.

PROF. SAMUELS, 65 SAMUELS BLDG., WICHITA, KANSAS.

FREE If you are sick my **"Message of Facts"** will tell you some things about the diseases of the human body and the logical method of treatment which will be new and interesting to you. Fill out the coupon and mail to me today, and my **"Message of Facts"** will be mailed to you postpaid, without any obligation of any kind upon your part. Write today — this hour—as this advertisement may not appear again.

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CUT OUT AND MAIL TODAY
Prof. Samuels, Room 65, Samuels Bldg., Wichita, Kansas.
Please send me free your "Message of Facts" and full particulars.
NAME ..... TOWN .....
STATE ..... R. F. D. or STREET .....

WHAT THIS CONGRESS HAS DONE

IN THE HOUSE

13,094 bills introduced.
127 joint resolutions.
256 house resolutions.
Nine bills passed.
They are:

Publicity bill, urgent deficiency appropriation bill, street extension bill for District of Columbia, Canadian reciprocity, farmers' free list, wool bill, lap dog bill (permitting entry free of duty of domestic animals taken out of country by owners), reapportionment bill, cotton tariff bill.

Among joint resolutions passed by house were statehood for New Mexico and Arizona, now in senate, and constitutional amendment for direct election of senators, now in conference committee of two houses.

IN THE SENATE

3,122 bills introduced.
Fourty-four joint resolutions.
No bill originating in senate and passed there has been passed by house.

Canadian reciprocity, La Follette wool bill and farmers' free list most important legislation passed.

Among the important measures introduced in the senate were the following:

By Senator Owen—The first bill of the session in the senate—To create a national department of public health. This has not been reported from committee yet.

By Senator Cullom—Bill to restrict the sale and use of opium; also one to reorganize the consular service; and a bill to carry into effect the provisions of the fisheries treaty with Great Britain, relating to Canadian fisheries.

By Senator Guggenheim—Bill to establish a national school of forestry.

By Senator Burton—Bill to bring postmasters of the first, second and third class—presidential—within the civil service.

By Senator Newlands—Bill to create a board to regulate the flow of waters in navigable streams.

Among the important bills introduced by Senator Root was one providing that in cases of legislative deadlocks over the election of a senator a majority may elect after a certain time has elapsed. This bill was reported out of a committee, but is being vigorously opposed. Senator Root was the author, also, of the bill incorporating the Carnegie endowment for permanent international peace. Other bills introduced in the senate which have little or no chance of passing this session, are the following:

By Heyburn—Creating land courts; regulating cold storage of food products; prohibiting, under penalty, the fraudulent representations as to government guarantee of foods and drugs.

By Bankhead—Authorizing experimental work by the government in national highway improvement.

By McCumber—Authorizing a bureau of national grain inspection and standardization; providing national incorporation for companies engaged in interstate commerce.

By Borah—Incorporating and establishing the University of the United States; to prevent senators and representatives from acting as legal counsel in matters in which the rights of the government may conflict with private interests.

By La Follette—Creating a permanent tariff commission; enlarging the powers of the interstate commerce commission; to abolish involuntary servitude among seamen in the merchant marine.

By Nelson—Authorizing national banks to loan money on real estate security.

By Jones—To promote safety in interstate travel by providing for a uniform system of signals to be employed in the movement of trains.

By Lodge—Creating a permanent tariff board.

By Cummins—Limiting the hours of continuous service to 14 of employes of railroads engaged in the movements of trains in interstate commerce.

Another important measure was offered by Senator Kenyon, of Iowa, amending the Sherman anti-trust law to impose prison sentences and generally to make the law more drastic.